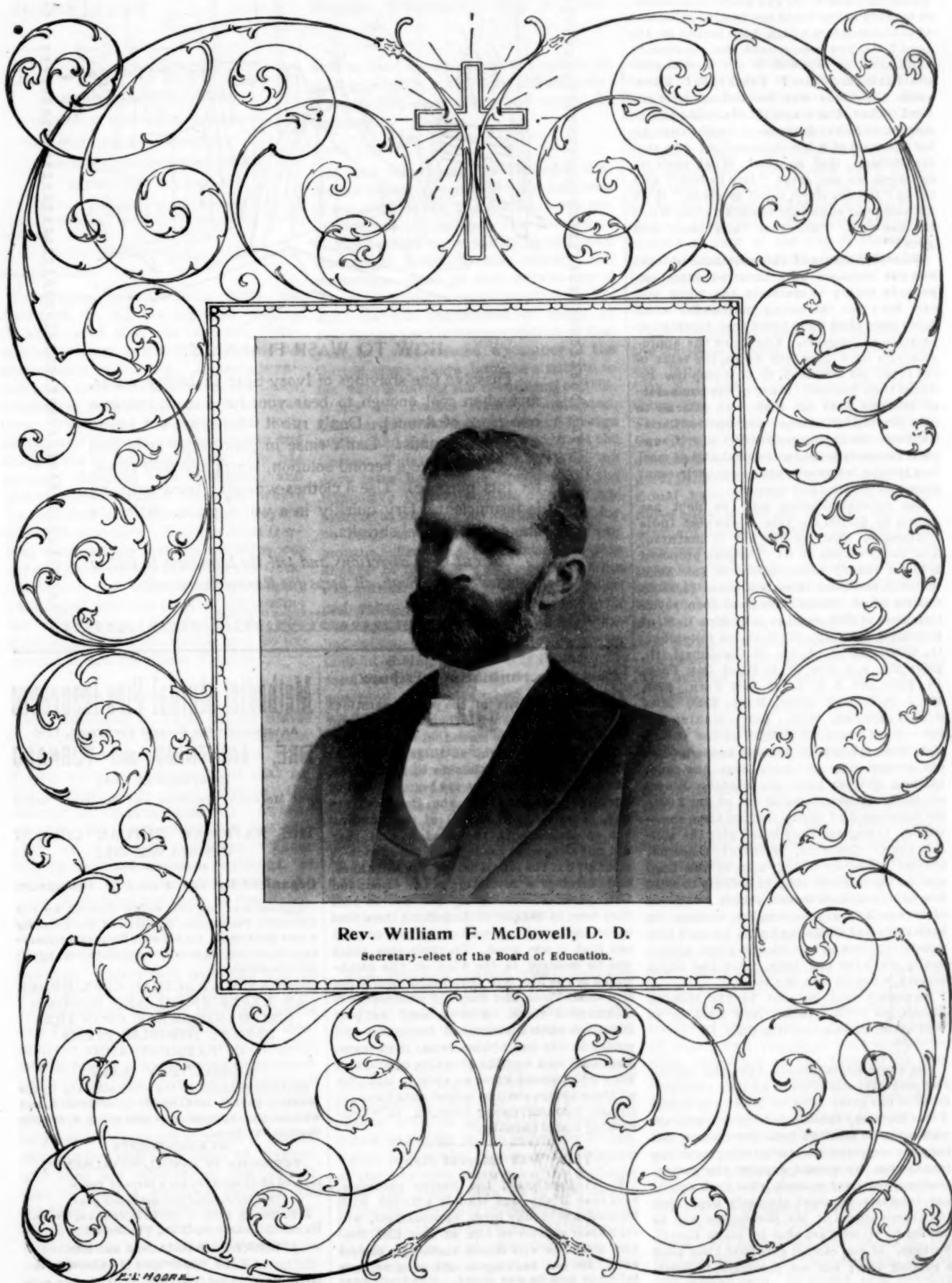


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1899



Rev. William F. McDowell, D. D.
Secretary-elect of the Board of Education.

THE CRISIS IN INDIA

HO! ye stewards of the Lord in the Methodist Church! Did you read that appeal in the January numbers of our church papers? Did you read the report in the *Advocates* about March 22? Do you realize what a burden has come upon our fellow-servants in India, and that because of the unprecedented success which our Lord has given them? Do you know that no other mission in the world has been so prospered as to the numbers which have turned to the Lord? Do you comprehend that thousands more could be baptized if our missionaries could shepherd them? Think of it! Thousands, thousands who are feeling after the Lord to find Him (Acts 17: 27), being left to stagger on in the darkness of heathenism, all for the want of a few thousand of our surplus dollars. God help us! What shall we say when we see Jesus "face to face" and try to "tell the story, saved by grace," if we withhold our substance at such a time, when He has said, "Sell that thou hast, and give?"

Beloved, because of this avalanche of success our brethren have incurred extra expense in trying to maintain the work and care for these increasing multitudes until debts have piled upon them that threaten to paralyze all progress. You know the appropriations have been cut down, the value of the rupee has increased, all of which has reduced their income. Many of our consecrated laborers have cut their own salaries to help provide for others. The native Christians are developing splendidly in self-support, regularly laying aside a handful of meal in a jar or a few crusts, etc., from their scant supply of food for self-support.

But notwithstanding all, the debt has grown to \$15,000 on this Northwest India Conference. Shall we lift it? O brethren, how easily we can do it! The plan proposed is to get twenty subscriptions of \$500 each (\$10,000), and then raise the other \$5,000 in smaller sums. So far there have been seven responses of \$500 each, to wit: Mrs. L. S., of Brooklyn, \$500; Rev. W. F. O., of Columbus, O., \$500; Mrs. W. A. G., of Cincinnati, O., \$500; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. B., of Oak Park, Ill., \$500; Rev. A. B. L., of New York, \$500; Mr. J. D. F., Fall River, Mass., \$500; Miss S. F. N., Detroit, Mich., \$500 — making \$3,500 — all of whom are pledged on the condition that the entire twenty subscriptions are secured. So we must have the other thirteen \$500, or none are holden. Where are these thirteen stewards out of our 2,000,000 membership? Surely God has them somewhere. O may the Holy Spirit give the willing heart! Come on, brethren! Come on, sisters! Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Help us quickly to raise this debt, and then we can secure hundreds of stewards to support native workers in both India and China, and push forward this wonderful work in this heaven-given opportunity while the day lasts, "for the night cometh, when no man can work."

Responses may be sent to the Mission Rooms, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, or to William E. Blackstone, Oak Park, Ill.

The above appeal should have the careful and prayerful attention of all who are interested in our great work in Northwest India. There are many thousands of people who are waiting to be received into the church, but they are deprived of that privilege for the reason that we cannot support the pastors-teachers necessary to look after their spiritual interests. I most sincerely hope that the urgent appeal of Mr. Blackstone will be heeded by all who are able to make contributions. If you cannot give \$500, then send a smaller sum; but act promptly, if possible.

A. B. LEONARD.



HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.

Dissolve fine shavings of Ivory Soap in boiling water, and when cool enough to bear your hand in it, immerse one piece of flannel. Don't rub it with soap, but knead it with the hands. Don't rinse in plain water or in cold water, but make a second solution, warm and well blued, for this purpose. Use a clothes-wringer; hand-wringing is insufficient. Dry quickly in a warm place. If left to stand wet, flannel shrinks.

Cut out these directions and tell the laundress to follow them with Ivory Soap. It keeps the flannels very soft.

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A Discriminating Tribute

THE Methodists of the past generations lived always with their lamps lit and their loins girded as those that wait for their Lord; and they sought so diligently for the True that they had no leisure to look for the Beautiful, for it had not yet been revealed to them that the True and the Beautiful are one. They were so fearful of confounding the substance with the shadow, that they did not altogether realize that the shadow is after all but the reflection of the substance, and therefore a revelation of the same; and they gazed so steadfastly into heaven that they were in danger of forgetting how God made the earth as well as the heavens and saw that it was good. To their ears there was no message in the wind or the earthquake or the fire; but they heard clearly the still small Voice, and they did whatsoever it commanded them. And we need not pity them overmuch that some of the beauty and poetry of life was hidden from their eyes. They that seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness know no abiding lack; for all these things shall be added unto them. — ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER, in "Concerning Isabel Carnaby."

This Will Interest Many

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if any one who is afflicted with rheumatism in any form, or neuralgia, will send their address to him at Box 1501, Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured. Hundreds have cured it with success.

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Write Manager for terms and do not longer support stock companies.

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CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Samoa Affairs

Despatches received from Apia, via Auckland, N. Z., bearing date of May 17, announced that the Samoan Commission arrived on the 13th, and held its first session on the 16th. Mataafa is reported to have sent a letter to the Commissioners welcoming them as arbitrators. Peace is maintained in both camps, and Mataafa remains within the limits fixed by Admiral Kautz. He has strongly fortified his position, and Malietoa has fortified Mulinu, where his followers are drilled daily. Beyond this little is known. Reports from German sources state that the armistice was not disturbed by the arrival of the Commissioners, and that letters were being exchanged with the view of disbanding the rival forces. Admiral Kautz telegraphs that the Philadelphia may be expected at San Francisco, June 26.

Seven Acres of Exhibits

Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1901, has recently returned from France with the announcement that he has secured more than double the amount of space originally awarded by the authorities for the display of American exhibits. There will be seven American buildings, of which five will be erected within the main grounds on the bank of the Seine, and the other two in the Bois de Vincennes, six miles away. The only expensive building will be the national pavilion. Thirty such buildings will be built by as many nations, and ours will be located between those of Austria and Turkey. Seventeen American locomotives will form a part of our display, and in one of the structures to be erected at Vincennes there will be hundreds of American machines in operation every day. American manufacturers of bicycles are expected to make a special effort to increase their sales in Europe, and they are considering the proposition to erect a building showing the working of our improved machinery. Mr. Peck has appointed ten heads of departments, and with their assistance he will pass upon what shall be exhibited by the United States. He claims that this authority was conferred upon

him by his appointment; but unless he shall exercise it with great circumspection, it will most likely be called in question.

Emilio Castelar

It was announced on Thursday that Emilio Castelar was dead. He had been ill for some weeks, and his death was not unexpected. There are few characters of this century more widely known than this really great Spanish orator and statesman. Born in 1832, he was one of the most extreme socialists of the century. He was condemned to death in 1866 for his part in the revolution of that year, but was elected a member of the Cortes three years later as a tribute to his efforts during the revolution of 1869. When the Italian Amadeo abdicated, Castelar was made minister of foreign affairs, and then elected president of the Cortes. This was in August, 1873; ten days later he became President of the Executive Power, and his opinions appeared to undergo a violent change, for he ruled as an absolute dictator for four months. The true explanation of this change of front is said to be due to his recognition of the fact that the ideas he had promulgated meant only anarchy in the troublesome times into which Spain had fallen. He set himself to the nobler task of saving the country in the only feasible way. For this he was tardily accorded the praise which was so justly his due. The Cortes refusing to sustain him, he resigned, and as soon as Alfonso XII. was proclaimed, he left the country. He returned to his literary labors and his lectures with the rare distinction of being an honest Spanish statesman. He soon re-entered politics and was a prominent factor till the spring of 1893, when he finally retired from public life as much a republican as ever, but convinced that the welfare of Spain demanded a monarchical form of government.

End of a Model Town

The Pullman Palace Car Company must dispose of all its realty in the model town of Pullman within five years. The Company is allowed to retain its car shops and 110 acres of land surrounding them, its office building on Michigan Avenue, and eighty acres of land held for extending its works. It is given one year to transfer the municipal functions it now exercises in the operation of gas, water and sewer plants, and to dispose of the property known as the Pullman Iron and Steel works. The final decree in the *quo warranto* proceedings has been entered in the circuit court of Chicago by Judge Baker, and the Company announced some time ago that it would offer no further resistance. Pullman was an enterprise which attracted much atten-

tion and won considerable commendation fifteen years ago, but it carried in it the seeds of its own destruction. The attempt to force this powerful combination to yield the exercise of municipal functions was thought foolhardy when it was undertaken, but it was soon made clear that the Company had far exceeded its charter rights, and there was no real contest after that. The town will soon become a part of the city of Chicago, which has surrounded it during the last few years.

Currency Reform

The Republican Caucus Committee of the National House of Representatives has lately held a meeting at Atlantic City, N. J., and it is given out that something like this will be recommended: The redemption of all obligations of the Government in gold, if demanded; greenbacks, when once redeemed for gold, to be reissued only for gold; national banks to be authorized to issue notes equal to the par value of the Government bonds deposited by them in the Treasury, instead of 90 per cent. as at present; reduction of the authorized capital of national banks from \$50,000 to \$25,000. This does not seem to be a very radical program, although it contains the germs of a gold standard, and for this reason it will doubtless be opposed. The outlook for currency reform is not hopeful.

Marchand and His Conquests

Two weeks ago Major Marchand of the French Army arrived at Jibouti, near the south end of the Red Sea. It was on the 23d of July, 1896, that this intrepid explorer landed on the West African coast with a small force, and began his long journey. Seven months later he reached Brazzaville, on Stanley Pool, ready to steam towards the Nile. At the mouth of the Boma, which is a tributary of the Mobangi, his real difficulties began. There were no less than thirty-five places where he was forced to haul all his boats out of the water, and drag them over improvised roads built of the trunks of trees; and it required a force of nearly two thousand men to accomplish this part of the journey in two months. Then he steamed up the Borm and the Boku to within forty-five miles of the Nile basin. Here he encountered the most serious obstacles to his expedition. It was necessary to transport the gunboats, barges, canoes and stores — some hundreds of thousands of pounds — a distance of ninety-nine miles to the Sueh. Piece by piece the gunboats were loaded on the backs of the natives, and all the impedimenta was at last under way. In about four months Major Marchand launched his ships in

the navigable waters leading to the Nile. Eight months later he was in Fashoda, and although international complications led France to decree his yielding that place, the vantage ground he had won and maintained gave her the splendid prize of the Central Soudan. Thence to the Indian Ocean he made a triumphal march, till now France is ringing with his praises, and the world may well pay honor to this latest and, in some respects, greatest of African explorers.

Vaccination in Germany and England

Less than twenty years ago the deaths from small-pox in Germany amounted to 143,000 in a single year. As a result of a law compelling the vaccination of every child in the empire during the first year of its life, and requiring that every inhabitant shall be vaccinated once in ten years, the deaths have fallen to less than one hundred per annum. During the Franco-German war small-pox broke out in both armies. The deaths in the French army were 23,000, while those in the German army were only 278; the difference being due entirely to the neglect of vaccination by the French, and to the insistence upon vaccination by the Germans. Medical statistics are fairly crowded with equally convincing figures, but the anti-vaccinationist lives, thrives and sees his tribe increase. Only last year the British Parliament weakened the admirable vaccination law which its statute books had contained for many years by inserting a provision to exempt "conscientious objectors." The immediate result was to reduce the number of vaccinations to such an extent as to warrant the opinion of medical men that Great Britain will soon be in such a condition as to make an outbreak of small-pox more to be dreaded than any plague of modern times.

Form of Government for the Philippines

The Philippine Commissioners, now in Manila, have indicated to the envoys of Aguinaldo the form of government which seems to promise to meet the needs of the case until Congress shall devise something more definite. First, there is to be a Governor-General, appointed by the President; next, a Cabinet appointed by the Governor-General; after that, an Advisory Council elected by the Filipinos; and, last of all, a judiciary to be composed of Americans and Filipinos. It will be seen that the reins of government remain in the hands of the President, but at the same time there is a measure of self-government which admits of expansion just as rapidly as the Filipinos show themselves capable. If it can once be understood by them that it is the purpose of the United States to administer the government solely for their benefit, it will not be long before the last one of them will lay down his arms. There are several forms of government in operation within the limits of the United States, but this is unique. Up to this time we have had no experience with the administration of such a form, but it is the result of thought and observation, is approved by

the President, and, in the main, by a majority of the people of the United States.

Modern Monument in Egypt

No work of man is likely to vie with the Pyramids at Ghizeh, but a work has been undertaken by the English on the upper Nile which is scarcely less formidable. Even the Egyptians themselves in the days that crowned the Pharaohs with eternal fame might well have hesitated to grapple with the difficulties to be encountered in building the great dam at Assuan. It involves the construction of a granite wall forty feet wide, seventy feet high, and over a mile long, but it means more for Egypt than any enterprise of modern times. It will hold back a billion tons of water, covering 670 square miles — one-half the area of the State of Rhode Island — and bring under cultivation 2,500 square miles of desert land. The cataracts will be covered up and vessels will be able to pass up and down without hindrance. It is estimated that the work will be completed in four years. Native workmen will be employed and will be paid a regular wage. The Pyramids were erected as a monument to the great, by unpaid labor; this modern monument of man's power will be for the benefit of the living for ages to come.

Buffalo Strike Ended

The strike of the grain shovelers at Buffalo was reported to be at an end May 14, but there was some misunderstanding as to the terms, and the strikers refused to go to work. It was not till ten days later that matters were satisfactorily adjusted. This delay is said to have entailed enormous losses on both sides, and the facts appear to warrant the statement. There has never been any question but that the strikers had real grievances, nor is there any doubt but that these grievances, in the main, might, and should, have been redressed by the shippers and contractors. The strikers won at every essential point, according to the published reports. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Buffalo was called in to help settle the controversy, but he must have been surprised to see how little his episcopal authority availed him, even over his own people. He rendered yeoman's service, but it was in the character of a diplomat, and not as a bishop. It is gratifying to know that the strike is, apparently, settled for this season, but it is humiliating that the cost should have been so great to men who could so ill afford it.

Labor Trusts Formed

The incorporation of great trusts having to do with the iron and steel industry and involving capital stock amounting to nearly, if not quite, a billion dollars, is a lesson that has not been lost by the employees of these different industries. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers met in Detroit last week to consider the price that should be paid to labor in view of the large increase charged by the corporations for the products of their various concerns. Sixteen different scales were

gone over and an increase ranging from ten to twenty-five per cent. was agreed upon. The proceedings were marked by business like methods and all the work was entered upon with a distinct understanding of the power behind this body representing laborers whose numbers run into the hundreds of thousands. Such an exhibition of the power of combination is not lost on the managers of the trusts, and notice was sent to Detroit that after the adjournment they would send representatives to confer with a committee of the Association in regard to the scale of wages. Thus the labor trust meets the capital trust. The present indications are that the latter will recognize and conserve the rights of the former as a matter of good business policy. Should a contest be forced by either party, it would seriously interfere with the national prosperity and involve grave issues. The fact that each side has one or more advantages that cannot be monopolized by the other, is the most hopeful feature of the combination.

Heresy Trial Warded Off

The Presbyterian Assembly has refused to inaugurate a heresy trial in the case of Professor McGiffert. After a prolonged discussion the matter of the teachings contained in "A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age" was referred to the Presbytery of New York for such disposition as, in its judgment, the peace of the church and purity of doctrine may require. The Assembly placed itself on record as confirming the orthodox belief in regard to the inspiration of the Bible, and enjoined upon all sessions and presbyteries loyally to defend and protect the fundamental doctrines of the church. A vigorous report on temperance was adopted without opposition, condemning the licensing of the liquor traffic in Alaska, urging ministers and people to study carefully existing laws against the saloon in their own communities and those methods of suppressing and controlling the liquor traffic which are proved effective in many parts of the land, and praying the President to carry the anti-canteen law into effect by issuing his proclamation as Commander-in-Chief forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquor in the army. St. Louis was selected as the meeting place for next year.

Yale's New President

Professor Arthur Twining Hadley was elected president of Yale University, last Thursday, by a practically unanimous vote. His election is everywhere commended. Connected with the University from his birth, he has already given twenty years of his life to her service, and comes to this new honor fully competent to discharge the multifarious duties of the modern college president. Graduated from Yale at the age of twenty with distinguished honors, in 1876, he devoted three years to the study of history and political science abroad, and has been for thirteen years professor of political science in the graduate department at Yale. He was Commissioner of Labor for the State of Connecticut in 1885-'87, and has been a lecturer at Harvard and at the Massa-

achusetts Institute of Technology, and was a guest of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1890 when he lectured before that institution. Unlike all his predecessors, with a single exception, he is not a clergyman, and it is a significant fact that of the five candidates named for the office all are laymen. The field of the modern university has broadened immensely during the last twenty years, and the office of president now calls for a professional educator. Born and reared in a scholarly atmosphere, a wide reader, a clear thinker, an intelligent observer, an accomplished linguist, fully abreast of the stirring thought of the times, progressive without being radical, having a distinct personality, and deservedly popular both with undergraduates and alumni, he comes very near to the ideal college president. The corporation that elected him buldied wisely, and no institution in the land stands at the door of the twentieth century better equipped than Yale University.

Peace Conference Reports

As the sittings of the Peace Conference at The Hague are strictly private, and as only the scantiest outline of its work is given out for publication, there is very little absolutely known in regard to the proceedings. The ample details of this discussion or that disagreement, which are given in some of the daily newspapers, may safely be dismissed as unreliable. The delegates are just getting settled to the work before them, and, so far as can be judged by the few authorized utterances, there is no reason for other than a hopeful view of the results. It seems to be understood that the Conference will confine itself to the discussion of the program outlined at the beginning, and while even the most sanguine do not expect substantial agreement on every point, there is likely to be more than one matter which will mark the progress made. The proposition for a permanent tribunal of arbitration is developing much interest, and, with the united strength of all the British and American delegates in its favor, it is not unlikely that the Conference may recommend some plan looking to the accomplishment of this end. The delegates are becoming acquainted with one another, and this grand clearing house of international questions has already justified the opinion that it is in many respects the most important meeting of the century.

Franchises to be Taxed in New York

The Legislature of New York, at its regular session, passed a bill to tax the franchises of various corporations the same as real estate. After the Legislature had adjourned, Governor Roosevelt became convinced that the bill contained several objectionable features which would seriously interfere with its operation. Instead of signing it he called the Legislature together in special session, and practically told the members that if they did not amend the bill within ten days, he would sign it as it was. The Legislature met Monday evening of last week, and adjourned *sine die* on Thursday with its work all done. The wishes

of the Governor were carried out to the letter. As amended, the tax on franchises is expected to yield from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000. It will be contested in the courts without doubt, but in its present form it has been passed upon by several prominent lawyers. Governor Roosevelt promptly signed the bill. With the exception of appropriating \$75,000 to celebrate the home coming of Admiral Dewey, and two or three minor matters, no other business was transacted by the Legislature during the three days of its special session.

Fighting Tuberculosis

An international congress of two thousand members spent four days last week in studying the nature, cause, prevention and cure of consumption. The Empress of Germany was present at the opening session as a patroness of the congress; the Emperor was not slow to show his interest in the deliberations, or his courtesy to the distinguished savants to whose words a world is listening; while, on the other hand, the socialists were unanimous in their appreciation and commendation of the devotion of science to the welfare of the working classes. It is encouraging to learn, on the authority of Dr. Ourschmann, that medical science has already gained such knowledge of the disease that it is able to effect cures in one case out of every five. It is important to remember that one of the most distinguished scientists of all time — Virchow — declared his belief that the war against consumption may be carried to an issue equally successful with the results in the war against trichinosis whenever legislation shall take the lines indicated by medical science, and the people will second both. Less emphasis was placed upon heredity as responsible for tubercular diseases, but a great deal more stress upon the dangers of infection. Thus while the nations of the world were deliberating at The Hague as to the best methods of maintaining peace among men, representatives of the same nations were contributing to the stock of knowledge necessary to make the warfare against disease more effective. These two events will live long in history, and are infallible signs of progress towards the federation of the world.

Situation in the Philippines

The reports from the Philippines have been very conflicting during the past week, and it is not easy to get at the situation. Some exciting rumors as to the immediate need of a much larger force have been given credence, and it has even been asserted that the President was about to call for 35,000 volunteers. Stories of the same character, said to have originated from the same sources, have been current before. It is claimed they are the result of a reflex action of the speeches and movements of those who are opposed to the presence of the United States as an arbitrator of the fortunes of the Filipinos. Be this as it may, if reliance is to be placed in the latest news coming from Washington, there is no ground whatever for the alarming reports of our insufficiency or

incompetency in dealing with the questions which are confronting us. It is said that General Otis is satisfied that he is able to cope with the insurgents with the troops now under his command, that he has no fears of Aguinaldo, and that while the rainy season will prevent aggressive movements on our part, it will have precisely the same effect on the insurgents. The understanding is that the volunteers will soon begin to return, as the regulars now on their way to Manila are expected to take their place. The reported disagreement between the military and the civilian members of the Philippine Commission is not given credence in Washington, while the simple fact that Admiral Dewey, who probably knows the situation better than any man living, sailed away from Manila, emphasizes the conviction that there is no cause for alarm.

Events Worth Knowing

The agitation against Sunday newspapers in London has borne good fruit. Two papers were started a few weeks since. One was discontinued with the issue of the 14th inst., and the other on on the 21st.

The aggregate receipts at the custom houses in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines for the first four months of the present year amounted to \$6,631,727. Of this sum Cuba furnished \$4,448,999.

The transport Newport, which left San Francisco April 20, arrived at Manila May 24. She took out fifteen officers and 260 men of the Marine Corps, and eight officers and 223 men of the regular artillery.

Cholera is raging at Kurrachee, a British port in India, and there were more than two hundred deaths in a single day last week. The town is situated on an inlet of the Indian Ocean, and has been almost entirely rebuilt since the British took possession of it in 1839.

The attempt to pay off and disband the Cuban army appears to be a dismal failure up to the present time. Out of more than 4,000 soldiers reported enrolled within the limits of the province of Havana only seven presented themselves to receive the allotment of \$75 on the first day. Much confusion and considerable dissatisfaction exist.

Rosa Bonheur, one of the greatest animal painters of the world, died in Fontainebleau, France, on the 25th, at the age of 77. The painting of the picture known as the "Horse Fair" in 1853 gave her an international reputation, and she was decorated with the Legion of Honor — the only woman ever so honored except for some deed of bravery or charity.

The Baptists held their annual meeting in San Francisco last week. It is the first time they have gone west of the Rocky Mountains for their annual session. Large delegations were present from the East, and the addresses were inspiring and hopeful. It was voted to raise \$75,000 for missions in Cuba and Porto Rico. Rev. A. H. Strong of New York was elected president, and aggressive plans for work during the coming year were adopted.

CHARACTER ACCORDING TO COPY

"THE Imitation of Christ" is an inspiring and a much misunderstood term. Jesus is the great ideal for each Christian, and we are bidden to follow the Master. But we are prone to fall into a mechanical method rather than to apprehend a vital process when we seek to imitate the Christ in His ideal character and work. To acquire the character of Christ is not to slavishly copy the external quality of life which the Master displayed. And yet the question just now asked so generally, "What would Jesus do?" very often receives its answer in the terms of the copy-book rather than in terms of life.

We believe that this is an important distinction to be made by those who are seeking so earnestly to follow "in His steps." We need to ask not only, "What would Jesus do were He in my place?" but we must seek also to know why Jesus would have done as we decide that He would have done. That is, the supreme thing is not an imitation of externals, but such a vital union in spirit between each soul and the risen Saviour that we shall do what Jesus would have done because we possess a common life with Him. For character according to copy means the putting on from the outside certain most attractive and excellent traits; but it is at best a mechanical process. Character according to vital union, which is the way of Paul, means that the trait is the necessary manifestation of the life within; hence it is the only true way to follow Christ.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon has given the Christian world a fresh statement of the necessity and beauty of following Christ; but a word of wise counsel must go along with the praiseworthy effort to do as Jesus would have done. We must beware lest our high enterprise be understood to consist in a mechanical imitation of, rather than a vital union with, the Master whom we seek to follow.

"ALWAYS AT IT"

"AND he said, Take the arrows. And he took them. And he said unto the king of Israel, Smite upon the ground. And he smote thrice and stayed. And the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." Many an artist, many an inventive genius, many a professional man, many a preacher, has proved a complete failure for want of persistent effort. There has been enough native talent, there has been sufficient education, there has been ample opportunity, but nevertheless life has had a very meagre outcome. The discomfited soul has laid the blame on a score of persons and things, but has not seemed to realize that want of well-directed and persistent effort is the real cause.

If preachers would be honest with themselves they would see that herein is to be found the explanation of their want of success. At least this is surely true in nine cases out of ten. Plans,

purposes, desires, may all be right, but none of these avail unless back of them is the indomitable will and tireless, ceaseless toil. It is not genius, it is not opportunity, it is not favorable environment that crown life with victory; it is rather steady, constant, earnest labor.

One ray of sunshine does not melt the snows of winter, one little wave does not wear away the rugged, rock-ribbed coast; but ray following ray, wave following wave, will surely melt snows and disintegrate rocks. Spasmodic efforts will not secure success in the ministry. No minister ever succeeded in this way, no one ever will. It is ceaseless digging that removes mountains. It takes as much genuine faith to dig as to fly — and even more.

These and similar thoughts are well worth the consideration of every preacher as he engages anew in his life work. Conference has come and gone; the appointments, the disappointments — "His appointments" — have been read; and the new year has dawned with all its immense and glorious possibilities. If no time is allowed to run to waste; if time is seized by the forelock; if the first Sunday and the second Sunday and all the Sundays, if the first week and the second week and all the weeks, are crowded full of energetic, thoroughly and carefully planned labors, there can be no question as to the outcome. There will be a constant uplift in the spiritual life of the church and it will be a strange thing if a single week passes without the conversion of some precious soul. It is not enough to smite thrice; the servant of God who aspires to sweeping victories must smite the five times and the six times.

THE CHRISTIAN AND LUXURY

OUR excellent neighbor, the *Congregationalist*, has done well to bring this subject before its readers, not only expressing unequivocally and comprehensively its own opinion, but grouping the opinions of others, as it did in last week's issue. While, as we have often said, we would not presume to trench upon the exercise of proper personal liberty in this matter, yet we are constrained to the conclusion that the disciples of Christ are drifting far away from His mind and teaching, and therefore are in need of kindly suggestion, counsel and persuasion. The *Congregationalist* puts it remarkably well in its editorial, saying: —

"The drift today is toward excess. Christians may be easily swept along by the world currents of display and extravagance. There are at least three conditions under which Christians have no right to luxuries, when indulgence means disaster to their spiritual lives and faithlessness to their Master:

"A Christian has not the shadow of a claim upon a luxury which he cannot afford. . . .

"A Christian has no right to a luxury which materializes him. The one thing he is after is strength and symmetry of spiritual life. . . .

"A Christian has no right to a luxury which isolates him from his fellow-men. Why is it not a good thing for a man to spend six months in Europe and the other

six at home, giving generously all the time to charity and doing many good deeds in that portion of the year when he is supposed to be at work? Simply because such a program cuts him off from the vast majority of his fellow-beings. Harm attaches to every luxury which makes one less sensitive to the tremendous struggle that is going on all about us, a struggle often not for delicacies for the table or for an occasional trip abroad, but a struggle for daily bread and for shelter by night."

We make brief excerpts from some of the respondents in the *Congregationalist*, who reply to the inquiry: "May Christians Indulge in Luxuries?" One says: —

"No, for the reason that the Christian's passion for the coming of his Lord's kingdom in the world ought to exceed every desire for selfish indulgence. The parable of the talents teaches that men are responsible for the gifts and resources given into their command, and that they are under strict obligation to use them in such way as they shall yield the highest spiritual profit."

Another: —

"Christians may not indulge in luxuries for the following reasons: Christian gentleness, fine taste and our spiritual perceptions teach us that there is a physical basis of morals, that what a man eats and drinks he is, and that the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit. A luxurious liver is therefore both vulgar and immoral; he violates the law of personal purity and stabs religion in the very eye. Ostentation and display on the part of the rich are a wanton provocation of envy and resentment in the breasts of the poor."

Another: —

"There are two grand New Testament principles which, rightly co-ordinated, furnish an answer to our question: First, that of stewardship. Nothing we have is our own. Our money is God's money, and must be expended in ways that He will approve. A Christian may indulge in luxuries, therefore, only so far as they minister to his spiritual efficiency and the glory of God."

And another: —

"Christians may not, as a rule, indulge in luxury, because such indulgence is directly opposed to the teaching and example of Christ. It tends to enervate physically and spiritually and fosters a spirit of selfishness and worldliness. It is unnecessary, as our homes may be comfortable and pleasant and our tables well supplied without the costliest furnishings. The Christ-spirit forbids lavish expense upon one's self while the needs of humanity are so many and great. A Christian may indulge in any luxury which he is sure will the better fit him for, or aid him in, Christlike service."

The distinguished editor of the *British Weekly* has recently discussed this subject in the clear light of the truth as it was uttered by Jesus Christ, and says: —

"In the first place, it is our duty to challenge our own luxuries and superfluities, and ask ourselves whether we really need them, whether we have any right to them. It is our duty to remember not only that the poor and miserable in their seething discontent may criticize them, but that Christ Himself most surely criticises them, and that if they cannot bear His scrutiny, they must maim and mar our lives. It is our bounden duty, also, to use all our possessions as stewards; to ask ourselves how Christ would have us employ our gardens, our rooms, our books, our furniture. And it is our duty to live detached from them, to be willing to part with them, to know that if we lost them no

true spring of our happiness would be dried up."

And who can read the following searching paragraphs without the pathetic and painful conviction that the disciples of Christ have not yet begun to catch the significance and depth of His teaching concerning the use of property? Dr. Nicoll concludes:—

"When all the interpreters have said their most and best, the Sermon on the Mount keeps looking at us, haunting us, trying us, calling us, stirring our hearts and consciences, summoning us upward and still upward. There are signs that the deeper Christian thought of our time is beginning to think of the old way in which many followed Christ. What if, after all, He really means that many of us should sell all we have for the treasure and the pearl? As Canon Winterbotham in his suggestive book, 'The Kingdom of Heaven,' says: 'The invitation to part with everything cannot be enforced on any one from without, but to say that Christ's words are obsolete will not satisfy the sharp and eager conscience. Why obsolete? He spoke them under conditions not really different from our own; in the midst of civilization and government where money and property were thought of much as they are now.' What if we should treat our possessions now as they may be treated some day, as chaff to be thrown to the wind of His judgments? May this not be the pathway we have missed—the pathway to the full delight of salvation, and the unearthly joy and peace granted to the Apostles, and almost beyond our understanding now? Mark Rutherford has spoken of the rich young ruler and his great refusal. 'What a bargain this ruler would have made. He would have given up his dull mansion in Jerusalem, Jerusalem society which cared nothing for him, though it doubtless called upon him, made much of him, and even professed undying friendship for him; he would have given this up, nothing but this, and he would have gained these walks with Jesus across the fields, and would have heard Him say, 'Consider the lilies.' Christ is with us even now. He may be saying this to us. For others we have no right to judge, but it is needful we should ponder our own call. It may be that the call will teach us that our life, to be fully Christlike, fully blessed, must be divided from its past as by a sword of flame."

Something Antediluvian

ONE has a sense of something antediluvian in reading of the alleged heresy of Rev. D. H. Foster, professor in the theological seminary at Lebanon, Tenn. Dr. Foster published a book on "Systematic Theology," in which it is alleged he teaches that regeneration precedes repentance and faith, whereas the doctrine of the church is that repentance and faith come first. Dr. Foster says that he has been misunderstood, and that he will revise the subject in his book and make himself clearer. Mechanical difficulties like these arise from attempting to construe a personal and ethical relation in mechanical and temporal terms. If repentance and faith and regeneration are really given, the order will take care of itself.

Preaching on Trusts

THE announcement that one of the Boston clergy has been preaching on trusts, suggests the query whether this subject is likely to be well treated by the pulpit. For its effective and useful discussion two things are needed—a peculiarly judicious and impartial type of mind, and also a large knowledge of economic doctrine and economic history, and these are rarely found

united in the clerical mind. Yet without these qualifications the discussion must degenerate into barren platitudes or rhetorical hysteria; and the clerical tendency to both is so marked that it is doubtful if any valuable light on this economic question is to be looked for from this quarter. The lambs of the stock market are the only persons in serious danger from trusts at present.

Secretary McDowell

ON our cover we present a portrait of Rev. William Fraser McDowell, D. D., secretary-elect of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, successor of the late Rev. C. H. Payne, D. D. Dr. McDowell is now Chancellor of Denver University, a position which he has held since 1889. He was educated at Ohio Wesleyan University and at the School of Theology of Boston University. Returning to Ohio, his native State, he entered the ministry, joining the Central Ohio Conference, and took high rank in the pastorate. Forty-one years of age, and therefore in the vigor of life, his ability and experience give confident promise that he will magnify the important office to which he has been elected. A thorough and comprehensive scholar, in touch with the modern educational spirit and purpose, familiar with student life and having a large acquaintance with educators, forceful and eloquent upon the platform and in the pulpit, having an excellent record as an administrator and a man of affairs, his election will be received with favor and much promise throughout the connection. It is understood that he will accept the position and enter upon the duties of the office at an early date.

PERSONALS

—Rev. Dr. Crandall J. North and wife sail for Europe, June 3, to make an extended tour of Great Britain and the Continent.

—Rev. M. W. Chase, of Oswego, N. Y., is appointed to the First Church, Omaha, Neb., to succeed the late Rev. Dr. John McQuaid.

—Bishop Hendrix will visit the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in South America, leaving this country in July.

—Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, has accepted an invitation to conduct revival meetings in Glasgow, Scotland, next October.

—General James F. Rueling is to remain abroad four months, traveling in Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, France and England.

—Dr. R. R. Doherty will deliver the Commencement address before the faculty and students of Drew Ladies' Seminary, at Carmel, N. Y., on June 14.

—Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Price, of the Southwest Kansas Conference, celebrated their golden wedding at Wellington, Kan., May 17. Their eight children were present at the celebration.

—Frank Chapin Bray, son of Rev. J. M. Bray, of the Erie Conference, and a graduate of Wesleyan University, who has been on the staff of the *Literary Digest*, has been elected editor of the *Chautauquan*.

—Rev. Dr. R. N. Siedd, one of the foremost ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who was repeatedly a member of the General Conference, and who barely missed election to the episcopacy in 1890, died, May 15, in Atlanta, Ga.

—The *Epworth Herald* says: "Mr. John A. Patton, of Chattanooga, Tenn., spent several days in Chicago last week. He is developing into one of the most influential laymen of our church in the South, and

devotes his time and means generously to its support.

—The public press announces the death, from apoplexy, of Rev. J. T. Lightbourn, pastor of Sheepshead Bay Methodist Church, New York, at the age of 70 years.

—The Liberian Government has knighted Bishop Hartzell, making him a "Knight Commander of the National Order of the African Redemption," as a mark of grateful consideration for his "friendly services."

—Rev. E. M. Taylor, D. D., of Harvard St. Church, Cambridge, has returned from a visit to his mother in Pittsburg, Pa. He speaks enthusiastically of the work of our denomination generally in that city, and especially of the success of the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., at Christ Church.

—We were favored with a call last week from Rev. Dr. J. E. C. Sawyer, editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*. He was on his way to deliver the address on Memorial Day at Searsport, Me., where he enlisted. Dr. Sawyer delivered the address at the dedication of the soldiers' monument in Bath in 1868—the first monument erected in the State.

—The many friends of Rev. W. J. Yates will rejoice to learn that he is now steadily improving in health and slowly regaining strength. Mrs. Yates finds it impossible to reply to the many kind notes of inquiry that have come to them, but desires to express her gratitude for these thoughtful expressions of interest and for the great kindness shown them by the people of Rockville.

—We hear from many reliable sources very high praise of Secretary M. C. B. Mason of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. He is said to be indefatigable in his work for the Society, and in making the best preparation personally to present the cause. He is constantly remodeling or remaking his addresses, which interest our most cultivated congregations. It is a magnificent record for himself, his cause, and his race, that he is making.

—The *Lasell Leaves* for May contains this pleasant personal reference: "Mr. Bragdon had a delightful outing the other day, partaking of a delicious luncheon at their home with Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Butler, our revered heroes of India and Mexico, Clementina, their daughter, who seems to be more lovable every time he sees her, and Lillie Rose Potter, class of '80, Carrie and Annie Kendig, class of '79 and '80, respectively, and their dear father, Dr. Kendig, our and Lasell's valued friend of a quarter of a century, who has taken the pastorate of St. Mark's, Brookline, where he is, according to his wont, causing a stirring among, etc., etc., and where we predict the most successful pastorate of its existence. It was a great treat and a great joy."

—Theodore Roosevelt is making a great Governor, as we expected he would. The charm of his career is seen in his unselfishness and fearlessness. Those who did not know the mettle of the man predicted that he, too, would become the pliant tool of Senator Platt. Now it is stated that Platt humbly concedes his subordination to the Governor; and the *New York Times* of last week had a leader on "The Passing of Platt." The Governor is the most democratic of men. During the session of the Assembly at Albany he devoted his time as a rule each day from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. to the members of that body who desired to see him; but with inexorable system each caller received a card specifying the hour and the number of minutes that would be allowed him. Realizing that it was through the newspapers the people obtained their impressions of what was

being done. Governor Roosevelt allotted an hour each in the morning and the afternoon to the correspondents of the leading newspapers, who were permitted to make the frankest inquiries of him.

—Chaplain D. R. Lowell, of Rutland, Vt., has completed the volume on the Lowell Genealogy, which he has been so long preparing with such critical care.

—Dr. Edmund M. Mills, corresponding secretary of the Twentieth Century Thank Offering Commission, will preach the baccalaureate sermon at De Pauw University on Sunday, June 4.

—Rev. G. S. Painter, who was at St. Luke's, Lynn, is appointed to Mattapan, and Rev. J. W. Morris, of Nantasket, is transferred to the New England Conference and appointed to St. Luke's.

—Prof. H. G. Mitchell is to read a paper on the duty of the ministers in relation to the discussion on the origin of the Bible before the New Haven Ministerial Association at Bristol, Conn., June 13.

—Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunnealus, pastor of Central Church, Chicago, will deliver the commencement address at Ohio Wesleyan University. He is an alumnus of that institution and began his career as a preacher in one of the Ohio Conferences of our church.

BRIEFLETS

We can be too presumptuous, perhaps, in view of God's blessings, but we cannot be too grateful.

Our first contribution this week is from the pen of Bishop Vincent, and while intended especially for the members of the New Hampshire and Maine Conferences, it contains godly suggestions and admonitions that will prove profitable to every reader.

Nebraska Wesleyan University will close the fiscal year \$3,000 ahead of expenses. This is a fine record. We understand, also, that a new edition of Chancellor Huntington's book on "Sin and Holiness" is called for.

The Commencement speakers at LaSalle Seminary, Auburndale, are — Rev. Charles W. Rishell, Ph. D., professor of historical theology in Boston University, baccalaureate sermon, on Sunday, June 11, at the Congregational Church; Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Commencement address on Wednesday, June 14.

The finest and fittest thing in any state of being is the distinctive quality of its kind. If it is lofty for an angel to be angelic, it is no less grand for a man to be manly.

From the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A. at the annual convention held at Grand Rapids, Mich., last week, it appears that this organization has suffered from the decline in spiritual fruitage of which so much is heard in all religious bodies; for the International Committee, in its report, says: "Little apparent progress of the Association had been made as a whole during the past two years. In some items the figures are smaller than those of two years ago, but not in any case very much smaller. A larger decrease might have been expected as a result of the hard times so long prevalent."

Among the recent visitors at Folts Mission Institute, Harkimer, N. Y., have been Rev. W. F. Oldham, D. D., professor of missions in Ohio Wesleyan University, Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Mayer, of Newark, N. Y., and Misses Belle Allen and M. Belle Griffiths of Japan. While at the Institute Dr. Oldham gave his lecture, "Will Christianity Ultimately Pre-

vail in All Lands?" The graduation exercises will take place, June 5 and 6, and the address to the class will be given by Miss Isabella Thoburn. The class numbers eight, four of whom will be graduated from the kindergarten training department and four from the Biblical.

Never hesitate about attempting any good thing because you think it might be better done by another. The fact that it has not been done by another, and has been suggested in God's providence to you, is proof sufficient that God considers you worthy to do it.

At Wesleyan Academy President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University will deliver the address before the graduating class on June 21. Professor M. B. Chapman of Boston University preaches the baccalaureate sermon, and Rev. Charles A. Stenhouse, of Providence, the alumni sermon on the 18th. Miss Bertha M. Cushing, the gifted daughter of Rev. John R. Cushing, is the soloist at the annual concert. The returning alumni will have rare enjoyment this year.

Bishop Thoburn is contributing a series of spirited and informing letters from Manila to the *Indian Witness* of Calcutta. In the *Witness* of April 21 he describes a call on the Chinese consul, whom he interviewed in the interest of a possible school like that at Singapore for Manila boys. But the consul was interested to give boys a Chinese education in the Chinese language — in fact, like most consuls, pushed the interests of the nation he represented. Bishop Thoburn's conversations with our American soldier boys were frequent. He found one college sophomore studying his Greek in the trenches, and two or three ministers are reported as serving in the ranks in order to be of religious service to their comrades. Bishop Thoburn preached each Sunday in Manila, in the hospital and in the theatre, getting his permission for the theatre from the provost marshal, with the proviso, "If the building is standing."

Does your righteousness, as the years go by, seem to you to grow more and more barren? Consider then if it be not too flimsy in its character. Flowers do not grow out of stones. Be not too hard and unyielding, either in your theology or your practical, everyday religion. Cover your righteousness, your creed, with some humanity, some brotherly pity and forbearance, as the rock gathers to itself earth and moss. Then the seeds of love will find lodgment in your heart and blossom into flowers of beneficence and charity.

Apropos of the earnest and frank discussion which is going on in the Boston Preachers' Meeting upon the apparent decline in membership in the New England Conference — and we use the word "apparent" advisedly, in accord with Dr. Mudge's contention in this issue — attention is called to the discouraging outlook for the present year because of a single fact which cannot be disguised — the fictitious membership of the People's Temple in this city. A reference to the Minutes of the New England Conference shows that this church was accredited by its recent pastor with 1,527 probationers. It is doubted if there are even one hundred of that number who can be traced, and in fact probably not fifty will ever come into full connection with the church. The church is also accredited with 865 full members; but it would be generous to say that four hundred of that number can be found. If, therefore, the figures of this church receive the conscientious and courageous treatment which they deserve, there will be a shrinkage in the report made to the next Annual Conference of from 1,500 to 1,800. Thus, even

if a good record in actual conversions is made for the year, it will be difficult for the Conference to balance the loss which will appear in the next report of People's Temple.

The author of the poem in the Family department, entitled, "The Forget-me-nots of the Angels," is the fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Everett O. Flak, of this city.

Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, writing in the *Missionary Review of the World* upon "The Problem of City Evangelization," refers to the great Bethany Church of Philadelphia of which he was pastor for several years, and, accrediting Hon. John Wanamaker with being the chief cause of the remarkable success of the same, says: "Mr. Wanamaker was ubiquitous — he was everybody's friend, cordial and hearty, simple and accessible to all. No one would suppose that he was an ex-postmaster-general and a millionaire, conducting business on a scale almost unparalleled. He was as thoroughly free from airs or assumptions as though he were the common workman from the carpenter's bench or the shoemaker's shop. Forty years of unique success in his own business and the Lord's business, which he seeks to make practically one, have not made him any less the man of the people and the humble believer in the Christ. All his genius for organization has been turned into the Lord's work at Bethany."

The true spirit of the petition, "Thy will be done," is not one of abject submission. It is not to be paraphrased, "Thy will be done, because I cannot help myself," but rather, "Thy will be done in and through me, with my heartiest concurrence and co-operation." When rightly offered, it is an active and not a passive petition. It involves sincere endeavor to further, as well as to conform to, the wise and loving plan of God with respect to the individual human life.

How different are the results of human lives! And yet we all have the same material to work with, like artisans who gather clay from a common bank. Life is not so much a lottery as it is a pottery. Everything depends on how we mold our material.

Next Sunday is the day for presenting in all pastoral charges of the New England Conference the proposed Twentieth Century Thank Offering. Why not make it the day in all our churches in which it has not yet been explained to the people? What could be more appropriate in connection with the holy communion service? That is the one service when the church members are together "in executive session," the world practically shut out. It is the hour of all hours in which to realize the presence and leadership of our Risen Lord, and to plan new and grander spiritual campaigns in His name. If for the next three years each communion service can be made a serious and prayerful conference on the progressing century harvest-work of each local church, what new interest and inspiration will be found in each! Can we in any other way so acceptably "remember" Him?

Happiness is not like a great palace or caravansary, toward which we are journeying, and which we hope to reach some time, though footsore and weary and starved and faint. It is rather like the humble, vine-clad cottages that stand all along the road of life, with open, hospitable doors, into which we may enter at any time, if our hearts are full of love and good-will. No earthly pilgrim can be unhappy whose heart is overflowing with love. All doors of sympathy, of kindness, of communal enjoyment, are open to him. He brings what he seeks — brotherli-

ness; and what is happiness, in its essence, but some form of mutual brotherliness and service?

A Special Call

FOUR days' meetings! A good number of preachers are now holding them in various parts of New England. The results are encouraging. Is it not possible for scores and even hundreds more of our preachers to hold such meetings before the first of July? There should be no waiting for outside help. Let the people rally around the preacher, and the work will succeed. In the olden times the fathers wrought great victories in their four days' meetings. The promises cover all our needs now as they did then.

W. F. MALLALIEU.

OUR WASHINGTON-BALTIMORE LETTER

REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D. D.

THE Preachers' Meeting of Baltimore has just been favored with an address from Dr. James M. King, the newly-appointed secretary of the Church Extension Society. He spoke with the becoming modesty of one who had just assumed new duties, but with his old-time power and mastery of the throbbing questions of the day. He showed the relation of the Church Extension work to our new possessions. The highest Christian question in the Philippines today is first order, then civilization. In establishing order the Methodist Episcopal Church has been building hundreds of churches in the West to prepare our soldiers for their work, and in Kansas to produce a Funston. He evidently believes that next to Dewey Funston is "in the swim." He discussed the delicate question of religious liberty and the relation which our Government should sustain to the old State Church, and believed that the military governor of Porto Rico had committed a grave blunder in passing over to the Roman Catholic Church property which belonged to the Spanish Crown, notably the school buildings and the cemeteries. His address gave great delight to the ministers; and as a result of his visit, on motion of Rev. Dr. Edwards, our senior presiding elder, the Board of Church Extension was cordially and unanimously invited to hold its next anniversary in this city. The meeting will be held Nov. 9-11. On Sunday, the 12th, the pulpits of Baltimore will most likely be occupied by the Bishops and ministers comprising the Board, and on the 13th a great mass meeting will be held in the interests of Church Extension.

The Baltimore Conference Itinerants' Club, held in the First Church, May 16-18, proved to be a triumphant success. The president of this club is Dr. Lucien Clark, and through the tireless energy of the corresponding secretary, Dr. W. W. Davis, an exceptionally fine program was carried out *par excellence*. The first afternoon session was held in Levering Hall, Johns Hopkins University, Dean Griffin giving a very thoughtful and cultured address on "Facts, Dogmas and Ideals," and Dr. H. B. Adams following with a valuable paper on "Historical Reading." Wednesday morning the session began in First Church. Dr. Goucher presented a paper on the "Social Equipment of a Pastor;" Dr. E. S. Todd on the "Intellectual Equipment of a Pastor;" and Dr. Hugh Johnston on the "Spiritual Equipment of a Pastor." Dr. H. R. Naylor followed with wise counsels on "The Preacher's Use of Commentaries." The morning session was brightened by a felicitous talk from Brigadier-General Harries, of District of Columbia National Guard, on "My Experiences in the Cuban Campaign." In the afternoon Dr. J. St. Clair Neal dwelt upon "The Place of Fiction in a Preacher's

Reading;" and Presiding Elder McKenney on "The Place of Poetry in a Preacher's Reading."

On Thursday, Dr. J. C. Nicholson discussed "Revivals and Revival Methods;" Rev. T. E. Peters, "Methodism in the Country;" and Rev. F. R. Isaac, "Methodism in the City." Dr. H. S. France showed "How Deaconesses can be Utilized in the Local Churches;" Dr. F. G. Porter reviewed "The Best Books of the Year;" while Drs. Clark, Davis, Edwards, Van Meter and Watson offered suggestions as to the "Best Books for a Circulating Library." Dr. C. H. Richardson sought to reach the "Last Man as a Contributor;" Dr. E. L. Hubbard, "The Last Man as a Worker;" and Dr. Page Milburn, "The Last Man as a Reader of our Church Literature." Dr. Luther B. Wilson, presiding elder, presented a lofty ideal of "The Sunday-school, and How We may Increase its Efficiency." A charming paper was presented by Dr. T. P. Frost, of Newark, on "William Wordsworth," showing a deep and intimate acquaintance with the great poet of nature; while Prof. Henry E. Shepherd's two lectures on "The Poetry of Tennyson" revealed a many-sided scholar of rare intellectual taste and acumen.

The evenings were given to popular lectures preceded by a half hour's musicale. Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis made his first appearance in Baltimore and captured all hearts with his lecture on "Kuskin's Message to the Twentieth Century." It was a masterly performance of an hour and a half, packed full of thought, learning, research, poetry, pathos and humor, delivered without a note, and with a singular power of fascination. Young Hillis is one of the sons of might of this generation. He is tall, graceful, has the oratorical temperament, and his large fine eyes in the fervor of speech remind you of the glowing optics of Bishop Simpson when "in a fine frenzy rolling." One would judge that he has been educated largely by the poets, æsthetic writers and philosophers of the day, and that his type of religion was more æsthetic than evangelical, more philosophic than experimental, more intellectual than spiritual.

The second lecture was by Dr. F. M. Bristol on "Americanism." The pastor of the Metropolitan is a great favorite in Baltimore, and the lecture was a fiery, eloquent eulogium of our national institutions and character, marked by great exuberance of diction, beauty of thought, keen satire, playful wit, and dramatic power, but delivered with the energy and speed of a racer. Our orator must slow up or he will go to pieces as a huge fly-wheel sometimes does.

The concluding lecture was given by the great Baptist divine, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, on "The Silver Crown." It was immense and overwhelming. Never since the days of Gough have I seen a lecturer more *en rapport* with his audience or holding a more complete mastery of his subject and his hearers. For two hours he held them in alternate transports of laughter and tears. Vivacious as a school-boy, he is wise, earnest, noble, of broad vision and exalted ideals. It was an inspiring spectacle to look over that sea of faces interspersed with ministers of every denomination, all throbbing with one impulse, and under the spell and power of one consummate master of speech.

The meeting has been a great inspiration and uplift to the whole church.

In the Woman's College the closing events of the eleventh academic year are rapidly taking place, and students' musicales, examinations, lawn parties, tennis tournaments, reunions and banquets and association meetings are in order. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached in First Church by Dr. Charles J. Little, president of Garrett Bib-

lical Institute, on Sunday morning, June 4, and the conferring of academic degrees will take place in the Lyceum Theatre on the 6th. Great things are expected on that occasion from the learned Dr. Hugo Munsterberg of the University of Freiburg, Germany, whose subject is, "The Relation of Psychology to General Education."

A very delightful inner circle of ministers is an association made up of thirteen of various denominations called the "Eclectic Club." The association meets monthly at the home of one of the members at four o'clock when an essay is read and discussed, followed by a dinner together. The sessions are very helpful and inspiring. At the last meeting President Goucher was the essayist, and your correspondent the host. A break in our number is just being made by the removal to Brooklyn of Dr. Studebaker of the First English Lutheran Church, and fears are entertained that we shall soon lose another member—a distinguished Presbyterian, upon whom a wealthy New York congregation is looking with longing eyes.

Washington is never fairer than she is in the leafy month of May; her parks and gardens with their shade trees and flower-beds have drunk in freshness from the April showers and have not yet felt the burning breath of the summer. To this natural freshness and beauty there has been added, during the past week, a display of bunting, banners, and portraits of war heroes, finding climax in an elaborately decorated court of honor between the Executive Mansion and Lafayette Square, that has made the capital city the pride of its inhabitants and the jealous envy of less favored towns. The termination of the Spanish-American war has been the occasion of the celebration by public-spirited citizens of the city of the return of peace. Three parades, on three successive days, gave opportunity for the expression of the gratitude of army, navy, and the civic interests. The most popular part of the demonstration was a historic pageant, in which the main events in the history of the American continent were depicted on well-designed and beautifully decorated floats. The President was an interested spectator from a grand stand specially erected on the White House lot, and he had with him many of the diplomats and members of Congress now in the city. During the evening of each day Pain gave brilliant exhibitions of his skill in representing all sorts of natural objects and portraits of public men in marvelously colored fire. A very realistic depiction of the naval engagements at Santiago and Manila terminated the pyrotechnic display, while on Thursday night, in the large Convention Hall, the jubilee was brought to a close in a miscellaneous collection of historical tableaux and general mirth-making called the "Revelries."

In this city of inaugural processions the parade suffered by comparison, but the interest was very extended and the railways brought in many thousands from far-distant points. The title, "National Peace Jubilee," is rather a misnomer, as Congress had nothing whatever to do with it; but the committee of Washington gentlemen strove to make, and succeeded in making, the celebration rather more than a merely local affair. Indeed, so striking has been the success that some of the papers are advocating a yearly festival in May.

Talk of the special session is confined now to the probable date. Were the situation in the Philippines clearer, such a session would be called at once without doubt. The Executive has to face, sooner or later, the problem of the nation's foreign policy concerning which Boston has so much to say.

AN AFTER CONFERENCE LETTER

BISHOP J. H. VINCENT.

FROM the Conference mount of Review and Forecast we go down to the plain to plod on in the work to which we are appointed. We recall some of the things which we heard during the Conference from men of other, if not wider, vision — specialists who spoke to us from a point of view not exactly our own. We are to be in the local church the representatives of this far-reaching work. And the success we are to have will depend very largely on our personal attitude and conviction as individual pastors. What could Missionary Secretaries do if three-fourths of the ministers in charge felt no interest and made no effort in the missionary cause? What can the missionaries abroad, who have sacrificed everything, and left their native land for the service of the Master in the foreign fields — what can they do, if the pastors, on whom their very bread and butter depend, are apathetic and neglectful? Fidelity in the local church and by the local pastor is indispensable to the general success of our work. A single case of remissness to a certain extent harms the church at large.

The Missionary Society feels this keenly, and the church requires the Bishop in charge of the Conference to insist upon fidelity. To be faithful to his trust the Bishop must stand by the Missionary Society and the secretaries and the missionaries at the front. A Bishop may be afraid of hurting the feelings of the brethren in the Conference by too great urgency, but he has no honorable way out of it. And what is true of the Missionary Society is true of every other department of church work — Church Extension, Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, Sunday School Union, Tract Society, etc., etc. The church is solemnly committed to every one of these large departments. The success of every one depends on the faithfulness of the pastor. It is a part of the duty of the Bishop to call the attention of pastors to these matters. He must do it.

If every member of the church were to do simply all that he can easily do, every one of our interests would be fully and splendidly maintained. Everything, therefore, depends on the pastor. I once heard a statement made in open Conference that "there is absolutely no conceivable reason why a pastor should not represent to his people and secure from them contributions to every cause represented by the church. No exceptional case is conceivable."

The usual arguments that the people "feel no interest," that the "pastors must have their support," that "the people are poor," that the "churches are tired of collections" — all these excuses amount to nothing. It is the pastor's duty to see to it that everybody is urged to do his duty.

If our benevolences were pressed in private conversation, in prayer-meeting, in occasional sermons and addresses where no collection is called for; if the conscience of the people were once enlightened on this wide range of subjects, they would give. And the more people give to the "benevolences," the more

liberally they will sustain the preachers. Therefore let me say to every preacher in charge in the Maine and New Hampshire Conferences: Put no faith in a plety that does not give according to its ability. Teach people that a religion of songs, prayers and sentiment, which is not emphatic and practical enough to work out into self-sacrificing and intelligent contributions to the cause of God, is an empty and profitless plety, a shadow and a sham.

And let me remind you that your calling requires three hundred and sixty-five days a year of service, of study, of prayer, and of care for your people. I beg of you, don't try to put your best effort into a "revival" period of two or five or ten weeks. Seek revival. Seek the blessed results of a successful revival. But keep at work fifty-two full weeks a year. Human life goes on, with its throbbing heart, its pulsing blood, its thinking and loving, its planning and doing. Let the church live fifty-two weeks a year — praying, preaching, studying the Word of God, urging men to obey Christ, and stimulating believers to grow in the divine life. Don't serve God in spasms. Be at your Christian best twelve months a year. Pray in secret every day with as much faith and fervor as you prayed during the best revival you ever enjoyed. Be every-day saints.

May I commend the wise words of Bishop Mallalieu, recently published in the HERALD, urging immediate effort at revival? He says: "Will all the preachers in New England permit me to urge them to enter at once upon revival work? If it is not feasible to hold special revival services, then make every service a revival service. Do not wait for evangelists or any outside help whatever. Rally the faithful few, or many, as the case may be, and expect an immediate answer to prayer in the awakening of the church and the salvation of sinners. God waits to be gracious."

Again: Look after the poor and the neglected. "To the poor the Gospel is preached." They need it. In the name of Christ give it to them. Visit every house within the reach of your church, unless you know that that house is already in the parish of some other minister. Slip into the country now and then. Go to those far-away houses and country cottages where people have few advantages. Give them tracts. Lend them books. Win the children. Have prayer with them. Go out once in a while and have neighborhood preaching on a week evening. In this way you can build up the church after the old manner. Organize cottage Sunday-schools, church classes, and circulate our literature. How much busy hands and ingenious brains and loving hearts can accomplish!

Be a student of the Word of God. Read the story of Father Reeves, the model class-leader. It is published by our Methodist Book Concern, and every Methodist preacher and every class-leader should read it carefully. Father Reeves was a constant and consecrated student of the Bible.

"Rufus Choate had it as one of his rules of life to read carefully at least one chapter of the English Bible every

day. He read it to acquire its simple, easy diction." So did Hawthorne and Charles Dickens. John Locke, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Sir Isaac Newton, Milton, Bacon, Coleridge, Ruskin, Browning, Tennyson, were all unwearied in their devotion to the Bible as the book of books to be studied. The eloquent Fisher Ames said: "No man that speaks the English language ever did or ever will become truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its diction." Dear brother, be a close, critical, devout student of the Word of God, and inspire your people to the same! Why not devote half an hour of each prayer-meeting for one month to a careful reading of one of Paul's shorter epistles — to the Ephesians, to the Galatians, to the Colossians, to the Philippians, to the Thessalonians, to Titus? This would give much value to the prayer-meeting.

And search the Bible as a private student. Use all the modern helps. Prize the results of modern higher criticism. Discriminate between actual results and mere hypotheses. Discriminate between rational and rationalistic higher criticism. Prize the one, and have no fear of the other. Essays about the "spots on the sun" and the scientific explanation of the manner in which the sun has come to be what it is, cannot diminish its glory or its power. The sun is the sun. Walk in its light, rejoice in its warmth, and ask all the questions about it you please. The more the better. And don't take on yourself the responsibility of protecting and defending the sun!

These are the words with which I seek to supplement the labors of the Conference. How often do the conversations in the cabinet and the reports before the Annual Conference justify the statement made that "success is not in the appointment, but in the man." The wrong man will make a good appointment deteriorate. A good man will invariably improve a poor appointment. If your church pays too little, develop it until it shall pay you and your successor more; and remember that, without doubt, the church that gives most, and with most intelligence, to all the benevolences, is the church that will pay most for the support of its pastor.

With Paul at Miletus, to the elders of the church at Ephesus, allow me to say to you: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified" (Acts 20: 32).

Topeka, Kansas.

I believe that a Christian minister never had such rewards and inducements as in the present generation; that, stripped of all medieval theology, the clergy are to enter upon such an era as to make it the one great profession. I sometimes wonder why everybody doesn't go into the ministry. Men talk about making millions in business. They ought to make millions to repay them for not being clergymen. I had rather go to the rudest country church to speak to men crude and rough and ignorant, and keep that little band pointing towards God's shining city, than to

do anything else in the universe or sit upon any throne. — Dr. N. D. Willis.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

(Written apropos of Millet's painting, "The Man with the Hoe.")

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never
hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this
brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this
brain?
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and
gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for
power;
To feel the passion of eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped
the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the world's
blind greed —
More filled with signs and portents for the
soul —
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What guils between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pegasus?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages
look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity be-
trayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-
quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immediate woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the
world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with
kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing
he is —
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

— Edwin Markham

THE BROKERAGE IDEA OF CHRISTIANITY

REV. J. W. DALLY, D. D.

I AM glad to know that one strong Methodist journal has the courage to say such things as were said in your editorial, "Our Presiding Elders in New England," in your issue of May 17. It applies all over the country. It is applicable to all denominations. Conferences, convocations, assemblies, synods, mark the standing of the minister largely by the amount of money he raises for "collections" and church building schemes — all good, of course, and necessary, as you admit, but given such prominence in annual debates and reports as to discredit every other kind of church work and leave the impression upon the spectator and auditor that the preacher's chief function is to raise money. For many years I have attended church assemblies in which appeals of the most fervid description for various societies and institutions were the

principal features, the money question being uppermost with a sprinkling of religious seasoning delicately thrown in to make it palatable to laymen who had come expecting a spirit of worship in the representative body of their church. One generous giver and a deeply pious lady sat in grieving expectation through an entire session, the first she had attended, waiting to hear about the salvation of the lost, and heard only various appeals to the pocket-book. Of course, she did not understand that this was all-important and must be attended to; but she just shut her eyes and prayed in disappointment. I watched her with considerable interest, and afterward asked her how she enjoyed the session. She looked troubled and said she hardly knew, it was so different from what she had expected of a religious convocation. Occasionally a cross-cut in the general fibre of the day was made by some good man who interpolated remarks about a revival; but he was promptly submerged in statistics, and the wounded place in the session thus rudely interrupted was soon plastered over with a report that \$10,000 had been raised in aristocratic Dog Hollow for a new organ.

I shall never forget the bewilderment of a stripling preacher who came up to Conference with a shortage of five dollars in his assessment for one of the collections and a very good showing in the spiritual condition of his charge. He had a poor people's church to serve and had given part of his own slender salary to eke out the collections. Open criticism, sharp and galling, met his ears when the amount was publicly announced. He was a young man, unused to the brokerage idea of Christianity; and he was startled. Not a word was said about the conversions. He had made no church-building improvements, had simply devoted himself to saving souls. If he had pulled down the south wall and put up a nave, or had made an annex to the parsonage whether it was needed or not, or had erected an organ, he could have commanded a certain degree of respect as a "promising young preacher." It is needless to say that he improved under this discipline and has become a financial ambassador of the Lord.

This ruinous policy is not indigenous to New England. It is conspicuous in all the churches of the land more or less, as I could easily show if I did not suppose your intelligent readers were aware of it. We all admit that money must be raised for all the good causes set forth in our church papers; and only a very mean man would seek to shelter himself in his indifference or avarice on account of the evil here complained of. Nevertheless the complaint should be made, for it is seriously interfering with our usefulness. Piety, learning, faithfulness in pulpit and parish, are thirdlies and fourthlies in many localities, and are steadily descending in the ecclesiastical scale before the superior shining of the mighty dollar. If a pastor cannot raise money he is *persona non grata* to many congregations. Ministers themselves are largely responsible for this perversion of the ministerial character. Financial problems have arisen and laymen have

shifted the responsibility or neglected it, and the pastor has immersed himself in affairs until the preaching of the Gospel has become a side issue. Religious life has waned in the pitiful struggle for more cash than was collected by an agile predecessor. Some ministers in these parts, as well as those in Cappadocia and the regions about Cyrene, spend precious time in soliciting advertisements for ephemeral church papers, or in dickering for the sale of cheap organs, or in traveling throughout the country lecturing upon "Courtship" — all to sustain the cause of Jesus Christ. The result of the scramble for money is already here. Much of this wild sowing is being harvested. And so long as a preacher's standing in Conference is affected unfavorably by his lack of energy in obtaining funds for a brilliant Conference report, so long will the process of degeneration continue, and the race of effective preachers will eventually fade away and their places be taken by shrewd ordained brokers.

Englewood, N. J.

NO REAL DECLINE AFTER ALL

REV. JAMES MUDGE, D. D.

THE figures reported at the late session of the New England Conference and printed in the Minutes seem to show a loss, since a year ago, of 1,530 in church membership. And many have been the inquiries for the cause of this decline. But closer examination reveals the pleasing fact that there has been, on a truer basis of calculation, no real decline. That which appears so is chiefly a matter of mistake in the statistics, and partly the result of a change in the style of reckoning. According to the report, Lynn District is charged with the greater part of the deficiency — no less than 973, which would of itself be enough to prove an error. As a matter of fact, and as a comparison of the columns for 1898 and 1899 church by church shows conclusively, 32 churches on that district made gains amounting to 529, while 25 churches suffered losses amounting to 592, and five stood still. The net loss for the year was 63. There is a mistake in the addition of the column, making it 10,189 instead of 11,099, or 910 too small. There are some other mistakes in the footings, affecting the totals, but none so large as this one. Taking the whole Conference through, 125 churches make gains, 110 suffer loss, and 23 stand still; and the total loss of membership, so far as the face of the returns goes, is 658.

But this is evidently not correct. For the returns make Olifondale to have 129 members last year and 35 this; Wilmington, 217 last year, and 41 this; Dorchester St., 132 last year, and 35 this; North End Mission, 100 last year, and 10 this; Wakefield, 37 last year, and 185 this. Surely these figures must be wrong. And they explain 309 of the apparent loss. The rest of the loss is more than accounted for by the figures from five churches. The union of Warren St. with Mt. Bowdoin causes 100 members to slip out, perhaps temporarily; the union of Trinity and Monument Square causes 88 to slip out at that point; from Central

Church, Lowell, 100 have gone to another organization; while from St. Paul's, Lowell, 107 have been cut off, and from Winthrop St., Boston, 225. This accounts for 620.

It would seem, therefore, that there has been, in one aspect of it, really a considerable gain which would appear in the figures if only there were carefulness and uniformity in reporting and reckoning. The chief trouble comes from the different ideas about what is right, in this matter of reporting, held by different pastors. Taking the church through, scores of thousands of *bona fide* members (for membership can be terminated, says the Discipline, only by withdrawal, expulsion or death) are not reported, and a false impression of decline is made. This gives occasion to the scoffers to scoff, to the croakers to croak, and pessimists bewail the degeneracy of the age or the mischief done by "higher criticism." I am convinced that far too rigid pruning has been put in force by very many. Because a person has removed without certificate and his residence cannot be easily or at once ascertained, what right have we to regard him as either dead, expelled, or withdrawn? A certain percentage may perhaps be so reckoned in all fairness. But certainly not more than half. The other half are in all probability true members, and simple justice to the denomination, in its comparison with other denominations and with the outside world, demands that they be counted. It has been my custom to report half of the absentees. I believe this is in accordance with the spirit of the Discipline, if not its letter, and that to do less than this is to wrong the church. I hope the Discipline on this matter will be changed at the next General Conference, so as to make the paragraph at least self-consistent, and also less rigid. It might be well to provide for reporting absentee members in a separate column as some other denominations do.

But it is vain to look for statistics more than approximately correct under our present arrangements. The statistical secretary is not to blame. The circumstances under which he works are so strongly against him as to make accuracy practically impossible. There should be a change in the system. It would cost a little more to have reliable statistics, but it would be well worth while.

I would like to discuss the alleged decline of Methodism in general and show that no such decline exists, and that it was never so flourishing as now, but space does not at present permit.

The Scriptures are like a mine over which we have often walked without knowing the treasures beneath our feet. They are like the powers of nature, which have always contained the treasures of the telegraph, telephone, of electricity, of steam for power, of coal for warming, and yet men did not know these riches for ages. "In olden times a duke craved from a king his daughter's hand in marriage. The king answered by handing him a rough iron ball. Indignant, the duke threw it to the ground, when lo! a spring struck, the ball opened and displayed a silver chicken; this, a golden egg; this, a marriage-ring, complete and gorgeous, set with precious diamonds." So the Bible

contains hidden treasures, enclosed one within the other. The more we study, the more we shall find. — *Peloubet.*

A NORTHERN WOMAN IN CHARLESTON

"MARION."

IT is perhaps singular, yet pleasant, to the Northern visitor to find a Southern city whose most impressive landmarks refer to a time not "before" de war," but "before" de earthquake." So that the romance and pathos that cling around the mournful records of the Lost Cause in the South, and the still potent influence exerted by the mementos of the Revolutionary War, give way to the awe inspired by the work by nature in her moments of wrath when she strikes relentlessly.

August has been the month of destruction for the thrice smitten city. In August, 1863, began the bombardment and siege of Charleston; in August, 1886, came the never-to-be-forgotten horrors of the earthquake shock, when "the earth shook, the heavens dropped," buildings fell, and massive columns and statues were upheaved; and in August, 1893, yet more havoc was wrought by the great cyclone.

The historic old city, proudly conscious of her past, has rallied from each shock; but the scars and open wounds remain, though veiled somewhat by the vines of the Virginia creeper and wistaria. There are quarters where brave aristocratic poverty is to-day, not hidden, but living and learning new lessons, the severities of which are softened by the support and recognition of the punctilious old society.

The ancient churches of St. Michael's and St. Philip's, in the early Georgian style of architecture with heavy columns and tall, ornamented spires, have been restored from damage done both by nature and man, for British and Federal shell fell within their walls and fire destroyed as well as tempest. The old Huguenot church where the early French names — Galliard, Prioleau, Ravenel, Ogier — are to be seen on the memorial tablets, was repaired after the earthquake, and there the service of the Neuchâtel church is read today by a small congregation, for the descendants of the Huguenots have strayed into other folds.

St. Philip's is called the Westminster Abbey of South Carolina, for in its graveyard lie the remains of bishops and statesmen, generals and judges of distinction, and here is the sarcophagus of the great Calhoun. Here, too, Whitefield was tried for holding services outside the limits of the prayer-book.

St. Michael's is rich in its antique interior, which is preserved intact, the chief modern touch being a glorious Tiffany window in the chancel, which reproduces Raphael's picture of St. Michael and the dragon. It was at St. Michael's, eight days after the earthquake, when the spire had settled eight inches, that the old sexton climbed to the clock-room and set the clock going so that the terrified people were encouraged by hearing again the familiar music of the chimes.

In all the churches, in public squares and buildings, and in the cemetery, are monuments and memorial tablets reiterating, as if in passionate love, the names of the soldier dead of the Confederacy; dying, as the stones record, not so often for their country, but for their State — for South Carolina. Truly, among their palmetto trees they are remembered!

"And Memory is the only friend
That Grief can call her own."

Among the names that cluster around Charleston are many illustrious ones — Gen. Marion (and every schoolboy knows of

Marion and his men), Gen. Sumter, Moultrie and Pinckney, Robert Y. Hayne, the governor, and James Louis Peligree, the judge, John C. Calhoun, the great nullifier — and also, if I understand it rightly, the great expansionist — and Gen. Beauregard, the captor of Fort Sumter.

The shell roads, the phosphate rock, the palmetto and magnolia trees and yellow jasmine, all mark South Carolina; and in the gardens when I was there were brilliant beds of pansies, hyacinths and tulips, with borders of violets or little English daisies, while the sprays of the climbing rose vines gave promise of roses to come. It would seem that in the Southland food for the body is deemed more important than food for the mind, for the town library is by no means adequate, while the best of Southern cooking leaves nothing to be desired, as the New England tourist remarks with a sigh.

As for new buildings, the fine post-offices on Broad Street would seem to rest on stable foundations; but at the Auditorium, now nearing completion on Rutledge Avenue, one of the walls fell with a crash as if in premonition of a future earthquake. Yet for me the earth trembled not, and only a benign smile of nature lightened upon me. For fair weather gladdened my trips about the city, whether alone or with friends to stroll on the Battery, to see the huge live oak in Magnolia Cemetery, to see the curious market and market-hall where a Christmas dinner is given to poor children, to watch small colored boys playing craps in out-of-the-way corners, to visit the college museum of which the professors are justly proud, to inspect the fine portraits of Washington, Beauregard and Calhoun in the City Hall, and lastly to sail to the Isle of Palms, passing on the way Fort Moultrie and, out at sea, deserted Fort Sumter, with its grim memories of the dawn of the Civil War.

Thus for the impressions — necessarily imperfect — made by a fortnight's stay in March in Charleston, where the black population outnumbers the white, where the soft balmy air soothes the weakened nerves, and the genial manners and gentle courtesy of the inhabitants alike soothe the wearied spirit and cheer the drooping heart. So the good city of Charleston, perhaps not quite reconstructed yet, still no longer the chief city of "the prostrate State," struggling onward, on the whole well governed and kept and a pleasant place to reside, is looking forward to a brighter and happier day.

TOO MANY HYMNS

JAMES M. BATTLES.

IT seems to me that too many hymns are used in church service and too many changes in selecting them. If experimental religion and growth in grace are our daily and weekly life, the very few hymns of olden time would never become tiresome.

Before me are hymn-books of which I write the titles and description: Two books entitled, "A Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists," by Rev. John Wesley, A. M. Preface signed by John Wesley, dated London, October 20, 1779. One of these was given to the writer of these lines by a British soldier who received it from a dying comrade of H. M. 45th Regiment in South Africa. What sacred words could be more appropriate to the soldier who carried the small (2x4) book next to his heart? — "O for a thousand tongues to sing," "Come, sinners, to the gospel feast," "Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh," "Sinners, turn, why will ye die?" "Come, ye that love the Lord!" "I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God," "O that my load of sin were gone!" "Lord, I believe a rest remains," "The spacious firmament on high," "Hail! Thou once despised Jesus," "O hap-

py day that fixed my choice," and many others that should never be out of print.

Here is a small book (3 x 5), with Wesley's preface preceded by a preface signed by James Everett and Matthew Baxter, with additional hymns and names of authors, showing collections consulted, etc. The others are equally interesting and show the growth of the Methodist hymnology with which many of your readers are familiar. To me the simplicity of the older hymns is most affecting, and the portrayal of Christian truth and experience are most essential. Why may we not live as the early Christian believers lived, and sing the same Christian songs?

120 Marginal St., East Boston.

YALE LECTURES BY PROFESSOR GEORGE ADAM SMITH

Reported by REV. H. L. HUTCHINS.

V

THE older theologians would have approached our subject in a different way from what I ask you to follow in the treatment of the relation between Christ and the Old Testament. They would have come to it through typology and Messianic prophecy. To the second of these criticism offers no reasonable objection. As generally treated, however, the method is either too wide or too narrow for the spirit of Christ, under the old covenant. We have suffered from temporary exegesis and pulpit rhetoric; and spoiled children of the pulpit have thus taken wide license. Rabbinical exegesis has spun allegories of Christ out of every possible character and transaction in Old Testament history. Each Jewish instrument has been polished to make it a mirror of our Lord Jesus Christ and His sufferings; and there have been heaped upon our Lord all the titles of the Old Testament, as if quantity and ingenuity of effort were pleasing to God and convincing to doubters. The besetting sin was the preacher's attempt to honor Christ by discovering predictions of Him where none had seen them before. How different was John Calvin! How often he carefully examines the passages! How often we hear him say, "This is too forced," "That is too fine!" Here is a man who seeks to find what God has put into history. [Prof. Smith urged the students, in examining any passage, always to consult John Calvin's Commentaries. None are more fresh and living, sane and solid, at the present day.] Never has there been on the part of commentators of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries more delinquency of duty than in failing to do this. Yet Calvin is quite inadequate. But if typology and Messianic prophecy are too wide to set forth Christ aright, they are also too narrow. Many Old Testament passages that breathe His spirit are never included; for example, such very early passages as the poem or song of Deborah and the elegy of David over Saul and Jonathan. Matthew Henry sees in them nothing with which the Holy Spirit has to do; yet both in a special manner breathe the spirit of Christ. No, we must seek at once a wider and more exact method than this.

We shall find this from our last lecture. We saw that the greatest thing in Israel was the character of her God, which gave to her a new moral sense and finally produced the great prophetic code. I would not have you suppose this character of God was either confined to His righteousness or predominant in it. Matthew Arnold, like Rénan, wrote history by intuition when he said that Israel's God "was a power not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." Nothing is truer than that in Israel's religion God is a person. Jehovah to Israel was as much a God of grace as a God of righteousness. I

think that in the Old Testament this grace was more manifest than even His righteousness. Our information about this whole period is somewhat meagre. No sane man, however, doubts the reality of the long service in Egypt and the wandering in the desert. No one doubts the correctness of much of the later history with its unfailing evidences of grace in redemption and guidance. The early prophets were lost in wonder at God's love for Israel and His choice of it to be His people; and the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy contains a wonderful picture of His providence to His people: "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up his [not her] nest, fluttereth over his young" — it is not the mother bird that is referred to here, but the father bird — so God stirreth up His people, who might have fallen back into a nomadic life. In the oracle of Balaam, again, we have the same idea. He, however, was not of so spiritual a type as Israel's prophet, being an outsider and not of this people; yet he pictures this love, seems stirred by the presence of a divine King, and voices grateful praise to Him. So, also, the song of Deborah. In this song Jehovah's people are called His lovers, and we see the evidences of the spirit of Jehovah. It is the passion of the people, stirred by their God, not only for His righteousness, but also by His redemption of them from their servitude, His guidance of them, and His patience in their sins. Jehovah is a God full of compassion, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

It is the attraction of such a God undoubtedly that made the hold He had upon them. These dozen desert tribes, cursed with the conditions of Semitic life, were kept together in no other way, though they were often tempted to separate. It was not by the force of the law that they came together, but by this strong attachment to their God. We see this development from chapter to chapter in the book of Judges, and in the trials of their wars, and the confidence of their leaders that God would rise up to help them. The opening verses of Deborah's song, in Judges 5, give us the fact in one grand burst of song. We often feel appalled by the savage exultation over a fallen foe, but we do not pay so much attention to the virtues that are manifest in this song. We too often think of Jael and forget the other. We should remember the scorching words upon Reuben and Asher and Dan for not coming up to their help. Upon all their selfish excuses she pours the vials of her wrath and sarcasm — Reuben away in his sheepfolds, Dan on the sea, and Asher interested in commerce — while their brethren are defending their altars and their fires. Never was self-sacrifice more brilliantly celebrated. Whatever views we may have of war, let us remember what wars did for Israel. By war God had delivered them, and by this call to war He redeemed them from selfishness. The battle-field was the Golgotha of Israel. There it was that the spirit of Christ wrought its first and most notable triumph. "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet and setteth me upon my high places. He teacheth my hands to war so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms." We have to wonder at their words. Yet in the midst of this passage the Psalmist lets out the secret of it all: "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

I now pass, in search of the same spirit, to another poem — the dirge of David on the death of Saul and Jonathan. The poet pours out his tearful passion equally on friend and foe. [Here Prof. Smith read the poem — 2 Sam. 1: 19-27: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen. . . . Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in

their death they were not divided." Now, in David's praise, Saul takes a certain precedence over his son. In the Sermon on the Mount our Lord said: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you," etc. Contrasting His spirit with the self-righteous spirit of the Pharisee, Christ might well have used David's early life as illustrating it. David in writing this poem blessed him that persecuted him, not only in lamenting when Saul was dead, but also even when hunted he turned round upon the hot and angry face of his persecutor by kindly remonstrating in such a spirit that he brought his proud foe to repentance. Now what was it that gave him grace to treat his enemy so? I think it was the passion of the Christ in him. The reason why his art here is used as it is, is that it was so used in happier days on God's anointed. His business of life had been to win his enemy's strange nature from its bonds of evil, and this fact is grasped and expressed in Browning's poem, "Saul." The absence of God's name from these religious poems causes criticism, as seen in Matthew Henry (spoken of before). But think of that rude age, of the barren soil from which they sprung, and you will tell yourself that there never was a clearer indication of the power of the Holy Spirit. Christ said: "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord; but he that doeth the will of my Father." Only at last in the closing lines does David speak of Jonathan. There is no lovelier character in all Scripture than that of Jonathan, fleet of foot and strong of arm, yielding as Esau — though in another spirit — his birthright to another. In Jonathan we are able to say that friendship is not only a thing of love, but also of reverence. It may be to Jonathan that we owe David's chivalry. May it not be that on this passionate, cruel spirit of the shepherd lad Jonathan was the means of impressing his own noble nature, that Jonathan died young, but lived in David's character. Now, as preachers of the Bible, what material we have here for our preaching of Christ!

Passing to the prophets, there are two books in which we find this spirit of Christ more manifest than elsewhere — the books of Hosea and Jeremiah. They are books in which the personal experience of the writer is most truthfully set forth; not voices only, but the men and the hearts behind them. These two prophets were made perfect through suffering, doing what Christ did, giving the same salvation and the same mercy to the people; and this makes them the most evangelical of all the prophets. I wanted to tell you all that Hosea has been to me as a preacher. No prophet has ever been to me so full of evangelical themes as this one, who came eight centuries before Christ. What are the sins of man to him in the light of the love of God! How vexed and pained is God by them all and how He travaileth for them!

Now I would speak of Deuteronomy as an illustration of the gospel of Christ in the law. It seems to have been from Hosea, the most spiritual of all the prophets, that its author borrowed his great keynote of the knowledge and love of God. Deuteronomy is full of the love of God. How grandly instigated by it is the law here, and how tenderness and love are breathing in it! There is no legal code the world has ever had that has so much of the spirit of Christ as this book. It is a very storehouse, and a mine of truth to modern preachers.

There is a mighty go in the Gospel as well as come. It is come, go. Go, preach and heal; go, home to thy friends; go, into the highways; go, into all the world. Many Christians do not obey, many churches have no blessing, because they do not go." — B. F. Jacobs.

THE FAMILY

"ROSE AND CROWN"

WILLIAM HALE.

[On the night of April 17, 1899, the fishing schooner "Eliza," of Beverly, was lost, with eleven of her crew, on the dread "Rose and Crown Shoal," ten miles due east from Nantucket.]

Beverly's bells rang sweet and clear,
Far blown across the bay,
The morn her stanchest fishing-boat
Set sail at break of day.

And up and down the brown old wharves,
And from the echoing main,
Swelled loud the shouts of them that sailed
To come not back again.

Before the freshening western winds
She sped with swelling sail;
And, though her brave crew knew it not,
Death was the helmsman pale.

That very night, though stars shone bright
And lulled the storm-king's breath,
Clad in her snowy robes she went,
A bride unto her death.

O "Rose and Crown," accursed shoal,
Nantucket's demon fell,
How hard a bed thy sea-swept flints!
How sad the tales they tell!

Strong is thy name, thou seething shoal,
Now passed from lip to lip,
Thou burial-place of fearless men
And many a gallant ship.

Thy Rose doth pierce with sharpest thorn
Those whom thy waves draw down;
But, since through thee brave souls find
peace,

Endless shall be thy Crown!

Gloucester, Mass.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Set apart for Jesus!
Is not this enough,
Though the desert prospect
Open wild and rough?
Set apart for His delight,
Chosen for His holy pleasure,
Sealed to be His special treasure!

— Frances Ridley Havergal.

Why is it that the people with whom one loves to be silent are also the very ones with whom one loves to talk? — Kate Douglas Wiggin.

While to some God gives it to show themselves through their work, to others He assigns it to show themselves without even the opportunity of work. — James Martineau.

God's promises are dated, but with a mysterious character; and, for want of skill in God's chronology, we are prone to think God forgets us, when, indeed, we forget ourselves in being so bold as to set God a time of our own, and in being angry that He comes not just then to us. — Gurnall.

The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; and the man or woman who would have remained

a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men. — Ralph Waldo Emerson.

All one's life is a music, if one touches the notes rightly, and in time. . . . There's no music in a "rest," that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life-melody, and scrambling on without counting — not that it's easy to count; but nothing on which so much depends ever is easy. — Ruskin.

The air from the sea of affliction is extremely beneficial to invalid Christians. Continued prosperity, like a warm atmosphere, has a tendency to unblind the sinews and soften the bones; but the cold winds of trouble make us sturdy, hardy, and well-braced in every part. Unbroken success often leads to an undervaluing of mercies and forgetfulness of the giver; but the withdrawal of the sunshine leads us to look for the sun. — Spurgeon.

I know enough of gardening to understand that if I would have a tree grow upon its south side, I must cut off the branches there. Then all its forces go to repairing the injury; and twenty buds shoot out, where otherwise there would have been but one. When we reach the garden above, we shall find that out of those very wounds over which we sighed and groaned on earth, have sprung verdant branches, bearing precious fruit, a thousandfold. — Henry Ward Beecher.

In a fable of the Magic Skin, it gave the wearer power to get anything he wanted, but every time he gratified his wishes, the skin shrank and compressed him into smaller dimensions until, by and by, with the last wish life itself was crushed out. The Magic Skin is selfishness. It is a great thing to learn to say "No" to one's self, instead of indulging every whim and wish, even though there be nothing sinful in it. There was no necessary wrong to Moses in his inheriting the royal treasures and enjoying the pleasures of Egypt, so far as they were not in themselves sinful; but Moses had a high vocation, and these would have been hindrances; so he renounced them. — A. T. Pierson, D. D.

The law of straight things is just to let them grow; they will grow straight. The law of crooked things must be to break and readjust them; otherwise the more growth, the more crookedness for ever. Growth for the straight things, breakage and readjustment for the crooked things — these are the two treatments. . . . God never breaks a human life or spirit just for the sake of breaking it; He always has an object. Sometimes, perhaps oftenest, His object — the stoppage of a life that it may begin anew, and begin better — can be accomplished only through the agency of suffering. The blow has to fall; the fortune that a man leaned against so that he leaned away from God has to break down, the child that the mother clung to so that she would not see her Saviour has to be carried in its coffin outside the house door, before the broken heart is willing to strike straight for God. But are hearts never broken by blessings? Does the sun, with its still and steady mercy, work no chemical changes more gracious and more permanent than the wild winds accomplish? The storm sweeps in some night across your garden, and in the morning, lo! it has wrenched and reshaped the great tree, and snapped a hundred little

flowers upon their stems; but the real power there is nothing to the majesty with which, through the still summer days, the sun that woke no sleeping insect in the grass was drawing into shape the vast arms of forest giants and carving out the beauty of the roses' leaves. I believe that much of the best plety of the world is ripened, not under sorrow, but under joy. At any rate, we ought not to talk as if only sorrow brought conversion. There is a grace for happy people, too. Blessed is the soul that for very happiness is broken and contrite, turns away from its sins, and goes to Jesus with the spontaneous and unselfish love of gratitude. — Phillips Brooks.

Just to give up, and trust
All to a fate unknown,
Plodding along life's road in the dust,
Bounded by walls of stone;
Never to have a heart at peace;
Never to see when care will cease;
Just to be still when sorrows fall —
This is the bitterest lesson of all.

Just to give up and rest
All on a Lover secure,
Out of a world that's hard at the best
Looking to heaven as sure;
Ever to hope, through cloud and fear,
In darkest night, that the dawn is near;
Just to wait at the Master's feet —
Surely, now, the bitter is sweet.

— Henry Van Dyke.

FANNY'S ONE STEP

MARY A. SAWYER.

IT sounded very simple to Fanny. She thought it would be easy. She wondered that she had never heard any one express it so clearly. She felt glad that she had not allowed a headache to keep her at home from church.

A stranger had preached that evening. He had chosen for his theme the invitation of Christ to take His yoke and learn of Him. Among many other practical explanations and suggestions he had used these words: "In everything do what Christ would do. Learn of Him by doing what He would do."

Fanny went home, resolved to do this henceforth. She wanted to be a true Christian, and she felt sure this way of trying to be one would make her one.

She awoke the next morning with the resolve uppermost in her mind. "It will not be hard," she said to herself, encouragingly.

She raised herself upon one elbow and looked out to see what sort of a day it promised to be. "I'll go down town this morning," she thought. "It is Monday, and the stores will be full of bargains."

Fanny lived with a half-aunt, the unmarried step-sister of her mother, who had died when she was ten years old. There was but little money for the two to live upon, but by dint of strict economy Miss Carlos managed to make both ends meet. Fanny had been trained for the kindergarten schools. She had earned fifty dollars, during the past year, as a substitute, and she was now waiting for a position. Her aunt, from time to time, added a little to their income by doing fine embroidery.

Fanny lay back on her pillow with a sensation of comfort. "I'll go to sleep again," she said. "I haven't had my sleep out yet. I don't see what awakened me so early. I hope Aunt Sarah won't take it into her head to get up right away."

With this thought came the remembrance of certain words spoken by her aunt after their return from church: "I mean to get up early," she said, "for if it is a fine day, we'll wash a couple of blankets."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Fanny. "It is fine, and she'll do it, and I shall have to help her wring those horrid blankets! I shall have

to stay at home all the morning and help her. Oh, dear! I wanted to go down town. She is always and forever doing something to keep me at home Monday mornings! I've a great mind to rush right off after breakfast and leave the dishes, and leave my washing, and leave everything. She may do her old blankets all by herself, for all I care!" she continued, feeling herself a very ill-used person indeed.

A moment later her cheeks burned hotly. "Do what Christ would do," spoke the inner voice.

"Oh, dear!" burying her face in her pillow. "I meant to! I didn't mean to forget so soon."

"In everything do what Christ would do." "In everything," repeated Fanny. "That means, then, to get up before Aunt Sarah, and make the fire, and get the breakfast. Aunt Sarah is sixty-one, I am twenty-one. Of course I ought to do it always."

She rose at once. Half-way in her dressing she said to herself: "Last night I thought it would be easy!"

Fanny and her aunt lived in a small flat on a short side-street of the city. It was cheaper, her aunt said, in the long run, than to hire a house, rent rooms, and have your rooms empty a third of the time. Fanny had often suggested this as a means of adding to their small income. She thought, too, it would be less dull than the quiet way in which they lived. Her aunt, however, was firm in her refusal.

Fanny thought of it as she stepped softly out of her room. "If we only had a house," she meditated, "we should have a servant. She could make the fires, and wash, and wash the dishes, and I shouldn't have to spoil my hands."

"Do what Christ would do."

Fanny started. "Would Christ give a thought to His hands?" she said. "Would He not be thankful for a home, and an aunt, and all the necessities of life?"

She laid the fire as noiselessly as possible, and filled the tea-kettle. Then, going to her aunt's door, she stood there for a moment, and listened.

"I won't light the fire just yet," she thought, "for she is still asleep. I'll dust the parlor and put it to rights."

This work was soon done. Standing by one of the windows, Fanny saw the gleam of dandelions in the grass on the opposite side of the street.

"I believe I'll run over and pick some," she said. "They'll look pretty on the breakfast table."

Half an hour later her aunt came into the kitchen. Her eyes fell upon the dandelions. "Throw those things away," she said. "The idea of putting dandelions on a table with food."

Her face, her tone, her voice, alike told Fanny that she was not in a pleasant frame of mind. The color rushed to her cheeks with the openly expressed contempt for the flowers she had picked. Her own temper rose. In a moment, however, she remembered her resolve. She quietly removed the offending dandelions, and as quietly placed the tea and toast and eggs upon the table.

Her aunt sat down, and listlessly poured a cup of tea. She tasted it.

"Boiled!" she said. "That comes of racing out doors instead of paying attention to the breakfast."

"I picked the dandelions before I lighted the fire," said Fanny, quickly. Then, more gently: "I will make some more, Aunt Sarah."

"No, no," impatiently. "There's no money for throwing away tea. When it is boiled it is ruined, but we must drink it just the same."

Fanny ate her breakfast in silence. These moods of her aunt were the result of sleepless nights, or of untold worries, she knew,

but she felt that they were none the less hard to bear. Aunt Sarah was not an easy woman to live with, she had often told herself, during the last few years. This morning, with the thought of the patient Christ in her mind, she made many excuses for her aunt: "She would have been happier if she had married; she worries for fear we shall lose our little money; she has had a bad night; perhaps she has neuralgia again; she has been a kind and faithful aunt to me." She looked up when her aunt rose from the table. She wanted to ask if she were ill, but she feared the reply.

"Do what Christ would do." What would Christ do? He would be eager to help her if she were in pain; He would not let the fear of a peevish response deter Him from proffering His aid.

"Don't try to do a thing today, Aunt Sarah," she said, "if you do not feel well. I can do everything."

"You?" contemptuously. "I should think so! If you'll hurry your breakfast, and not waste the whole morning at the table, I'll get at the washing."

Fanny rose from the table immediately. She removed the dishes, and, taking the tablecloth, stepped out upon the fire-escape, and shook it.

"Throw it into that tub," said her aunt, upon her return to the kitchen. "I suppose you know it is washing day."

"Yes," said Fanny. "Of course. But, if your neuralgia is bad again, I —"

"Get your dishes out of the way. Don't stand still and talk all day. When there's work to be done, it will be done."

Fanny made no reply. Her aunt left the room after these sharply-spoken words. She returned in a few moments, bearing a couple of blankets on her arm.

A trying morning followed. More than once Fanny's cry rose to her watching Heavenly Father, asking for His help. Never before, it seemed to her, had her aunt been so impatient and so cross. Nothing that she did met with approval, while, after a few timid attempts at conversation, she was sternly told to be silent.

At the dinner-hour Fanny prepared the simple meal. She took special pains with her aunt's tea, and smoothed the folds of the clean tablecloth with an almost loving touch.

"Aunt Sarah bates to see wrinkles," she said, "and, if Christ were here today with her, I am sure He would try to please her, even in that little thing."

The dinner passed in silence. Aunt Sarah was the first to rise from the table. She left the room without a word.

Fanny could eat nothing more. She remembered that, upon one occasion, her aunt had not spoken to her for three days. Her eyes filled with tears as she recalled those bitter days. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "if she should be like that now, what shall I do?"

"Do your duty," said the monitor within. "Be patient, be faithful, do what Christ would do."

"I will try," she answered. "It was her neuralgia then. She told me long afterward how dreadful it was. Perhaps it is the same old trouble now."

Her aunt appeared in the doorway, while Fanny stood at the sink washing the dishes. "I'm going out," she said. "Mind you don't leave the house and go gossiping around the neighborhood. Look the front-door when you take the clothes in, and go up for the blankets as early as four o'clock."

She turned away before Fanny could reply, and, a second later, closed the hall-door with, as it seemed to Fanny, much unnecessary noise.

Fanny's first thought was one of relief. She drew a long breath. Then her face fell. "Oh, dear!" she said aloud. "What a

shame! After working all the morning in the house, to have to be cooped up all the afternoon, too! I won't stand it! I'm not a child! I'll go out if I choose! And," dropping into a chair and putting her head upon the table, "she may just get her old blankets in herself! What do I care about them? They didn't need washing, anyway!"

Tears came to her relief presently, and for a few moments she abandoned herself to them. Then, with an air of decision, she arose. "Fanny Pierce!" she said, "can't you remember? Would Christ let Himself feel as you are letting yourself feel? You know He would not. Stop crying, and try to be glad that you can help your aunt, in any way, even if she is cross today. She is not always cross. She has denied herself many pleasures for your sake; she has tried to be a mother to you. Try to remember her kind words and her kind deeds, and be glad to do anything for her."

The clothes were in and neatly folded, ready for ironing, the kitchen was in perfect order, and Fanny was wondering what she could cook for her aunt's supper, when, suddenly, there came a loud ring.

"That isn't Aunt Sarah!" thought Fanny, in alarm. "Besides, she has her key. Oh, dear! I hope she hasn't been hurt!"

She hurried to the door. A familiar voice accosted her. "Your Aunt Sarah at home?" it said.

"No," said Fanny, without opening the door any wider, "she is out, Mrs. Priding."

"I won't ask her in," she thought. "She has come for her supper, and I'm not going to cook it for her. I should think she'd be ashamed to come here just at our meal times! She's done it lots of times, and Aunt Sarah always makes her welcome. But I don't intend to. Aunt Sarah isn't here, and she may just go back home and get her own tea."

A second longer she stood there, thinking of the times she had helped to entertain this unbidden guest, and then she pushed back the door and stood aside.

"Come in, Mrs. Priding," she said, "come in, and stay to tea with us. Aunt Sarah went out quite early, so she will certainly be back soon."

Mrs. Priding entered without waiting to be urged. She untied her bonnet-strings as she walked through the short hall. "I s'pose I had no business to come on a wash-day," she said, "but, if your aunt is out, I guess she wa'n't much tuckered out."

Fanny pulled forward the largest easy-chair after she had taken her guest's wraps. "Sit here by this window," she said, "and you'll be interested in the passers-by, while I am out getting tea. I'd like to have it all ready for Aunt Sarah, if you will entertain yourself and excuse me."

"Go right along. Never mind me, and don't put yourself out none. A bit of bread and butter and a cup of tea will do for me."

This sounded delightfully easy to Fanny, who was now feeling very tired. She knew, however, that so simple a meal would not really satisfy her guest, to whom Aunt Sarah always gave the best in her power.

She sat down in a kitchen chair for a moment, and considered her resources. "Grape preserve, cookies, cold corned-beef, tea — will it suit Mrs. Priding? Will it satisfy Aunt Sarah? It ought to. It is enough, anyway. And I'm tired. I'm always all tired out the days when Aunt Sarah is cross. Perhaps she is, too, when I'm cross. Well," rising wearily, "I guess it will do. The butter is fresh and the bread is good."

She pulled out the table, after she had put the teakettle over the fire, and proceeded to spread upon it a finer tablecloth than they had used at dinner.

"What a sight of work that woman has made me!" she thought. "I daresay she'll spill her preserves, or her tea, and get a horrid stain on it. Then it will have to be

washed, of course, and I shall have to iron it. Dear me! I'm almost certain she'll do it."

She went into the closet and brought out her aunt's best china plates. "What nonsense!" she said, impatiently. "Aunt Sarah'd make me change them if I put on our common ones, so I may as well do it in the first place." She was on her way to the closet a second time, when a remembrance flashed into her mind. "Milk-toast!" she said. "She's fond of it, and Aunt Sarah said she'd try to remember to have it for her every time she came. Well," almost defiantly, "Aunt Sarah may make it as often as she chooses. I'm tired, and I don't intend —"

Would Christ consider Himself?

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" sighed Fanny. "Not even one whole day yet, and I have forgotten so many times!"

She went back into the kitchen with a resolute step. "I'll make it!" she said. "I'm tired, and it is hot, anxious work, but I'll do it! Christ never spared Himself."

She was spreading the butter on the last slice of toasted bread, preparatory to plunging it into the hot milk, when she heard the click of her aunt's latch-key.

"I'm just in time," she said, "and I am sure the toast is nice. The flour stirred in without a lump. And there is plenty of butter in it. Mrs. Priding likes things rich, and so does Aunt Sarah! I hope she will be pleased with the supper."

Her aunt, however, ate but little, and Fanny soon perceived that, if they had been alone, the meal would have been eaten in silence. She glanced furtively at her aunt once or twice, and she thought her face looked as if she were suffering. "Poor Aunt Sarah!" she thought, "it is her neuralgia again, and I've been blaming her for not saying a word in praise of anything."

To her relief, Mrs. Priding took second and third helpings of the milk-toast, and was so occupied with it that her aunt's lack of appetite passed unnoticed. At last, however, their guest perceived the pallor of Miss Carlos' face. "I guess you got beat out this afternoon," she said, "and the best thing you can do is to go right to bed. I won't stop and hinder you. I come because I was kinder lonesome, but I ain't lonesome now. Such a beautiful supper as this would take the lonesome out of anybody. So I'll go right along. No, I won't stay. I should just talk an' talk, an' stop till ten o'clock, likely, an' you'll be better off in bed than a sitting-up an' talking back. So I'll go right along now, an' come some other day."

Fanny welcomed this decision, although she dreaded a silent evening alone with her aunt. Miss Carlos, however, went to her room when their guest had gone.

"I shall not be out again," she said. "I am — tired."

"Isn't there anything I can do for you?" asked Fanny, quickly.

"No, I want nothing. I can get it for myself if I do need anything."

Fanny was very weary when, at last, the work was done. She sat down in the easy-chair she had placed by the window, and, for a time, her fatigue banished all thought.

An hour's quiet restored her, and she began to think what she could do for her aunt if she became worse in the night. "Poor Aunt Sarah!" she said, "I am sure she is sick. Neuralgia makes one sick, of course. I'll have the hot-water bag handy, in case she needs it. She always likes to take care of herself, though."

The thought of her aunt brought back the many trials of the day, and her eyes filled with tears as she recalled her impatient thoughts.

"Still," she said, after a time, "I have really tried, today, to do what Christ would do. I have forgotten, but I have remem-

bered; and every time of trying and remembering is one step toward other victories. God sees and knows, and will help. Poor Aunt Sarah!" she continued. "I must always try to remember that something is wrong with her when she is cross — she is suffering in some way."

This belief received fresh confirmation the next day, when her aunt spoke more fully of her health than ever before.

"I have been fearing the worst," she concluded. "For a long time I have been almost sure that I had a heart-trouble. And that, with the neuralgia, has made me very cross to you, I am afraid. I did not fear death for myself, but I did dread a lonely, homeless future for you. You are very young, Fanny, to face the world alone, and brooding over it has made me irritable and impatient when I should have been just the reverse. I am sorry, my dear."

"Don't think of it again!" cried Fanny, through her tears. "But tell me just what the doctor said yesterday."

Her aunt repeated his words: "He said there was no trouble at all with the heart; that neuralgia was the foe that caused me all the trouble. I wish I had consulted him earlier."

"I wish you had," said Fanny, while in her heart she cried: "Thank God for this great mercy, and for helping me to be patient yesterday when she was enduring so much. Thank God for all His mercies to both of us!"

Boston, Mass.

SPEAK YOUR LOVE TODAY

The new-made grave is closed, and covered o'er

With tributes rare;

The fairest flowers that tender hands could bring

Are scattered there.

And underneath lies one whose life has been
So full of care;
So heavy with the burdens none had thought
To help her bear.

Whose hungry heart has oftentimes cried out

Appealingly

For love's expression, and for tender words
Of sympathy.

Ah! friends, too late you bring your costly flowers;

Too late your tears;

For her bath sweetly dawned the light of heaven's

Eternal years.

And now it matters not at all to her

That on her grave

Are strewn the flowers that in her life of care

You never gave.

She needs not now the love that in her life

She needed much;

She cares not for your sympathy, nor craves
Your tender touch.

She heeds not that above her coffin'd clay

You drop your tears,

And speak the words of praise you have withheld

Through many years.

Too late! for while you weeping bend above

The flower-strewn sod,

Forevermore she dwells in peace among
The saints of God.

Friends, speak your love for me today, nor let

Me vainly crave

The tribute that your hands will lay upon
My new-made grave.

— EDITH VIRGINIA BRADT, in *N. Y. Evangelist*.

THE MOST POPULAR WOMAN IN AMERICA

FOR years the name of Gould has meant simply wealth. Suddenly, out from the smoke and din of war, there has emerged a remarkable figure — a young American girl, with vision clear enough to see through mists of gold a royal beauty in the eyes of crippled children and sick soldiers made happier by her kindness. When the call came to arms, Helen Gould responded by giving the American Government \$100,000 to be used for war expenses. As to the total of her money contributions during the war, no one excepting herself and her private secretary can give any estimate. She sent a carload of lemons to the soldiers at Santiago. She furnished the transport "Missouri" with four electric ward kitchens. To the hospital ship "Solace" she sent two hundred pairs of slippers and the same number of pajamas, and great boxes of delicacies, such as hominy, malted milk, calf's-foot jelly, and eggs. She told the authorities at Camp Wikoff to draw on her, for the benefit of the sick soldiers, to any amount which they saw fit, and her instructions were followed. She was made assistant director-general of the Relief Association, established a business office in the Windsor Hotel in New York, and installed a force of clerks and experienced bookkeepers, whose salaries she said she would look after. Then she put in an extra desk, at which she seated herself as a sort of business manager, working as hard and as regularly as any of the clerks. Save on Saturdays and Sundays, and the days when she visited camps, transports, and hospitals, she devoted full seven hours a day to her self-imposed clerical tasks. She reduced the business of the Association to a system.

The men coming in by the thousands had to be cared for at once. There could be no red tape of applying to the Government for money to defray expenses. They must be met fully and promptly. Miss Gould telegraphed to Mrs. Walworth, president of the War Relief, who was at Camp Wikoff, to draw on her for \$25,000 for necessities which the soldiers required. From Camp Wikoff the men came pouring into New York — some sick, some not sufficiently convalescent to be sent adrift, many without means of transportation. Miss Gould at once arranged that they should be cared for. They had to have wholesome food. Therefore she opened diet kitchens, employed cooks, and appointed members of the Association to certain territories, holding them responsible for carrying out her plans for the soldiers. It was she who suggested establishing a place in New York where soldiers who were well could rendezvous, after being discharged or furloughed, before starting for home. The suggestion resulted in hiring a house for their accommodation in East Fifteenth Street, which became known as the Soldiers' Rest.

Miss Gould, in her trips to Camp Wikoff, made a lasting impression upon all who came in contact with her. In the most democratic way she accommodated herself to unusual mishaps and inconveniences. The driver of one of the vehicles is still profuse in the expression of his admiration of the cheerful manner in which the mistress of millions one day got down into the mud when the carriage struck a steep hill. It was raining hard, and, without suitable protection, the young heiress plodded up the hill through the long wet grass. To her intimate friends she refers to her wealth as "my father's money." Some believe that, if she could, she would give every penny of her \$15,000,000 back to the world from which it came. Her maxim is, "Do good noiselessly."

This is the way Miss Gould is spending

her days and her income—an income to which she has herself referred, in a frightened way, as amounting to, perhaps, \$3,000 a day. To show how many demands are made upon her time and money, and to show how impossible it is for her to grant all requests, Miss Gould sent out to the more fortunate of her besiegers a memorandum of the contents of one week's mail. In the particular week named—the first in September—she received 607 letters, among which were requests that reached a total of over \$1,000,000. This tremendous mail is delivered at her home, Lyndhurst, an estate of a thousand acres, between Irvington and Tarrytown, bequeathed to her by her father. The castle home is just as her father left it, old-fashioned furniture and all. And in that great house, with its forty-six huge rooms, and its tower one hundred feet high, there is always a peculiar hush which seems to say, "Sacred to the memory of father."

During the war the mistress of this beautiful home turned it topey-turvy, using it as a sort of warehouse for the storage of camp supplies. The library was no longer a library; it was a quartermaster's department. The whole room was strewn with articles useful to soldiers in the field. Even now, again pursuing her usual routine of charitable work, Miss Gould rises early and takes the nine o'clock train to the city, to attend the many classes and society meetings of which she is a member. But before starting cityward she puts on short skirts and makes a tour of the estate on her bicycle, accompanied by her special protector, Great Dan, a magnificent St. Bernard. Miss Gould has an old mansion which she uses in winter as a Home for Crippled Children, and in summer as a Fresh Air Farm for the children of the slums. After the war, however, when a resting-place was needed for sick soldiers, the walls were moved down to Lyndhurst Castle, into Miss Gould's home, where they were kindly cared for.—*The Young Woman*.

NUMBER 135

ONE human being's consciousness of another, however brief, often makes some difference in a life. Mutual influence is a mental and moral fact. A lady gives a pleasant example of this in the *Universalist Leader*. A housekeeper, after several complaints to her grocer because unsound fruit had been sent her, was one day offered a basket of peaches and a basket of gem melons, accompanied with this assurance:—

"You will not find a single damaged peach or melon in either of these packages. If you do, I will gladly refund the money you pay for them."

She found every peach and melon perfect. The housekeeper reported this on her next visit to the dealer's store, and asked why he was so positive in warranting his goods. "Why?" exclaimed the man. "Why, because I have found that the farmer who furnished those baskets never sends dishonest packages to market."

The farmer's number, among the commission dealer's consignments, was "135." After that the lady always bought Number 135, and the contents of the baskets never failed in measure, condition, or in quality. Admiration for the conscientious farmer grew upon the housekeeper, and literally made her more conscientious herself. She felt ashamed whenever she was tempted to slight or "scamp" her work. Number 135 seemed to be looking at her. One particular that deepened this impression was the non-appearance in market on Mondays of any baskets bearing the favorite mark. Farmer 135 would not pack fruit on Sunday, the dealer said. The housekeeper felt her face flush when that was said. She had never been so scrupulous. The summer and autumn passed, but the sermon of the faultless fruit

continued to preach to its buyer when she could buy no more. Careless lapses of duty frequently brought up the thought, "Number 135 would not have done that." She remembered and thanked the unknown man whose integrity had strengthened and helped her. His rectitude represented to her the presence of the sinless Teacher.

"THE FORGET-ME-NOTS OF THE ANGELS"

HARRIETTE STORER FISK

How beautiful are the forget-me-nots
Which the angels have planted on high!
They smile on us in the silent night,
And then in the morn they are lost from sight,
But these flowers never die.

Thousands and thousands of years have they lived,
These flowers of God, so fair;
They live and thrive in their garden bright,
And shed on the earth a soft, clear light,
Tended with angels' care.

How lovely are ye, O forget-me-nots,
Which the angels have planted above!
How silent are ye in the still, dark night,
When nothing is seen but thy pure light,
Ye flowers so full of love!

Boston, Mass.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A PERFECT FIT

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

HE was very short, but his name was long enough. Bufo Vulgaris his wife called him when she wanted to be impressive, but in all her playful moments he was Vulgar Bufo. Perhaps she thought he was handsome—you or I wouldn't have thought so! He had only one redeeming feature, or perhaps I should say two—his eyes were beautiful; they would have answered for jewels. His every-day suit—and he wore it on Sundays, too—was homely as homely could be. It was dull and dirty and bristling all over with knots. And just now it was so old and dilapidated!

"O my dear, you look like a tramp!" his wife remarked cheerfully one day. "You've got holes in your elbows again. (You needn't expect me to mend 'em!) And how the knees of your pants do look! I wish somebody'd give you one of those stretching things you see advertised in all the papers. Or else I wish they'd raise your wages, and we could get 'em ourselves. But times are so hard!"

Mrs. Vulgar Bufo sighed deeply. It was bad enough to be a common gardener's wife, anyway, but to get only your "keep" for your pains!

"I do look shabby," sighed her husband, despondently. "I saw myself this morning in Glassy Brook's mirror, and it made me hopping!"

"It doesn't take much to make you hopping!" laughed Mrs. Vulgar, trying to pick up her spirits. "I'll tell you, my dear, it's time you had a new suit o' clothes. You just run down to the tailor's and pick one out. Tell him to charge it."

"Charge it! Ho! ho! that's a good joke! My dear wife, all the really good, fashionable tailors do a strictly cash

business. That won't go! But I'll tell you a secret"—he leaned toward her and blinked his beautiful eyes mysteriously—"I'm getting up a new suit all on my own hook. It is almost done now."

"Bufo Vulgaris, you making a suit o' clothes! They'll be a sight to behold!"

"So they will, ma'am, and you shall behold 'em! You'll say, 'How lovely!'—just wait, my dear!"

And Mrs. Bufo Vulgaris waited. She really couldn't do anything else; but every time she thought of the home-made suit her husband was getting up, it made her laugh in her queer, shrill, creaky little voice. She and Bufo both had queer, creaky voices, and, unfortunately, all the children were growing up with the same peculiarity of speech.

Meanwhile the old suit grew shabbier and shabbier. The head gardener actually kicked its wearer out of the walk one day—and he such a faithful assistant gardener, too, and nearly twenty years in one "place!" But really the head-gardener had a little bit of an excuse—that dreadful suit of clothes, you know. Of course he thought Vulgar Bufo was a real tramp.

At last, one day, he stole away by himself to try on the new suit.

"Behind the Stonewall House is a good, retired place," he murmured—or I'm afraid he creaked—as he went along. "I must be by myself. Mrs. Vulgar would laugh at me if it wasn't a success. She'd have a fit if I didn't!"

It was indeed very quiet and retired behind the Stonewall House, and Bufo Vulgaris—it was such an important occasion, let us call him by his dignified name—proceeded to remove the shabby old clothes. It was quite a piece of work, but by dint of lively kicking and squirming they finally came off in one big, clumsy piece. He rolled them up carefully and then—ate them up! I'm sorry to say it, but what can I do as long as it's the truth? Such an unsavory meal—no wonder they called him Vulgar Bufo!

But—but what was this? He had his new suit on all the time, under the old one! There it was, fitting like a glove, and glossy and fine as you please! The head-gardener would never have kicked that suit of clothes out of the way. Tramp, indeed! This dapper looking little creature was a real dandy.

He hurried home to his wife, his heart full of honest pride. She met him at the door.

"How do you do, sir?" she began in a formal tone—then she cried, "Why, Vulgar Bufo, it's you! Who'd have thought it? Is that the suit of clothes you've been making? How lovely!"

"How lovely!" echoed he, complacently. "Didn't I prophesy you'd say it, Mrs. Bufo? And it no more than shows your good taste. I call it quite a suit o' clothes myself."

"Quite a suit o' clothes! It's a dream—a fantasy!"

"It is quite 'fantasy,'" murmured he, with his little creaky laugh.

"And the fit of them!" went on the little toad-wife's admiring voice, regardless of interruption. "Why, my dear, they look as if they grew on you!"

Bufo Vulgaris shrugged his shoulders under the sleek, shiny new suit.

"They—they did," he said meekly.

Kent's Hill, Maine.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Second Quarter Lesson XI

SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1899.

JOHN 20: 11-20.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

CHRIST RISEN

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *Now is Christ risen from the dead.* — 1 Cor. 15: 20.

2. DATE: Sunday, April 9, A. D. 30.

3. PLACE: The vicinity of Joseph's tomb where Jesus was buried.

4. PARALLEL NARRATIVES: Matt. 28: 1-15; Mark 16: 1-11; Luke 24: 1-12.

Schaff attempts to harmonize the conflicting accounts of what happened on the morning of the Resurrection, as follows: "Three women start for the sepulchre early Sunday morning, followed by others bearing spices. These three, finding the stone rolled away, are differently affected: Mary Magdalene starts back to tell the male disciples; the other two women remain, approach nearer, and see one angel sitting upon the stone (Matt. 28: 2-7). They go back to meet the other women coming with the spices. While all are absent, Peter and John come and find the tomb empty. Mary Magdalene returns, sees two angels in the grave, and, turning around, sees Jesus (His first appearance), and takes the tidings to the disciples. The other two women meet the women bringing the spices; they all return to the tomb, and see the two angels standing (Luke 24: 4-7), one of whom was sitting on the right side as they entered (Mark 16: 8). As they go back, they meet the Lord (second appearance)."

5. CONNECTION: Through the dusk of the early morning Jewish women bearing spices hastened to Joseph's tomb. They knew not that priestly suspicion had caused the tomb to be sealed and guarded. They had heard nothing about the earthquake, and the descent of the angel, who had rolled away the stone and terrified the soldiers so that they "became as dead men." They never dreamed what a day of gladness was dawning upon them — the first Easter morning, a day to be remembered throughout all coming time.

Mary Magdalene was the first to reach the spot. To her great surprise and alarm she found the tomb open and apparently empty, and hastened away with the dreadful tidings to Peter and John: "They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid Him." The two apostles started at once for the sepulchre, John's swifter pace distancing his companion; but when he arrived, he did not venture to enter. He stooped and looked in, and saw the linen swathes, but did not pass the portal. Peter, however, had no scruples, either reverential or ceremonial; he made his way into the tomb, breathless as he was, and his boldness drew John in after him. The beloved disciple saw the folded clothes, and the napkin that had covered the head lying by itself; he recognized the Master's touch in what he saw, and believed.

6. HOME READINGS: Monday — Matt. 27: 57-66. Tuesday — Luke 24: 1-11. Wednesday — John 20: 1-10. Thursday — John 20: 11-20. Friday — John 20: 24-31. Saturday — Acts 2: 22-32. Sunday — 1 Cor. 15: 1-11.

II Introductory

The apostles retired, but the Magdalene lingered, tearful and with a breaking heart, at the tomb. One purpose absorbed her — to recover the stolen body. She stooped and gave a quick glance into the empty sepulchre. Angelic forms sat there — one where the head, the other where the feet, had lain; and as she looked in with streaming eyes, they inquired why she wept; but her agitation was such that she was not surprised at the apparition and the question. She simply answered, in a passion of tears, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." As she turned away a stranger stood beside her, and he also asked the cause of her weeping. Imagining him to be the gardener,

she begged him to tell her where he had put the body, if it were he who had taken it away, and she would take charge of it. "Jesus saith to her, Mary!" In an instant she recognized Him, and in an ecstasy of rapture, wonder and devotion fell at His feet. One word only she uttered, "Rabboni."

He gently withdrew from her. "Oling not to Me," He said tenderly; "I have not yet ascended." And then He commissioned her to publish the glad tidings: "Tell My brethren that I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and My God and your God." She delayed not with her thrilling message. "I have seen the Lord," she told the disciples, "and how that He had said these things unto her."

Easter evening came. In a retired room and with closed doors the timid disciples met to "eat meat" together and to discuss the testimonies of those who professed to have seen the Lord. But though these testimonies were numerous, though even Peter related the appearance granted to him, and the Emmaus disciples arrived with their strange story of the Traveler who became known to them in the breaking of the bread, despair had not yet given place to hope and conviction in the little circle. Suddenly, though no door swung on its hinges, Jesus stood in their midst. Silence fell upon the company. Awestruck, they imagined that they were gazing upon an apparition — a spirit. Even the salutation, "Peace be unto you!" in the well-remembered tones, failed to dispel their terror. But when He showed them "His hands and His side," when they were convinced that the same Form stood alive before them which had hung pierced and dying on the cross and had lain cold and still in the tomb, "then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

III Expository

11. But Mary stood (R. V., "was standing") without . . . weeping. — She had returned to the tomb more slowly than she went from it. While absent, the other women had reached the tomb, had seen the angelic appearances, had received the assurance that Jesus had risen, and had "fled" from the sepulchre with the joyful commission to "tell His disciples and Peter;" the two disciples had come and gone from the place comforted and hopeful; but Mary, perhaps the most eager and anxious of them all, had thus far been left in the most sorrowful suspense. She could not forsake the vicinity of the tomb. Stooped . . . looked into the tomb. — She had scarcely stopped to look when she first came.

12. Seeth (R. V., "beholdeth") two angels in white sitting — the heavenly sentinels, not yet released, stationed over the body of our Lord, one at His head, one at His feet. "Mary feared that some outrage had been wrought upon the body, but God had given His angels charge concerning Him" (Ellicott). The apostles saw no angel, the other women at first saw only one.

The manner of their [the angels'] manifestation — their appearing to some and not to others, their appearing suddenly and then as suddenly disappearing — is to be looked at as dependent upon laws of which we can say nothing because we have ourselves no practical experience of them (Revision Commentary).

13. They have taken away my Lord. — In the intensity of her feeling even, the super-

natural excites no wonder. She is too wrought up by the disappearance of the body of her Lord to be surprised at anything. "She was ready to brave all danger if she might find His corpse" (Jacobus).

So is it often with us, that, weeping, we ask the question of doubt or fear, which, if we only knew, would have never risen to our lips; nay, that heaven's own "Why" fails to impress us, even when the voice of its messengers would gently recall us from the error of our impatience (Ederheim).

14, 15. Turned herself back. — It was useless to peer into the empty tomb. She will look through the garden in hope of finding some clue to the missing body. Saw (R. V., "beholdeth") Jesus . . . knew not that it was Jesus. — Perhaps her eyes were "holden," as in the case of the Emmaus disciples. Possibly, however, her non-recognition of Jesus was due to the fact that she had not the faintest suspicion that He was alive; she was utterly absorbed in the desire to find His stolen body. Woman, why weepest thou? — the same question which the angels had put to her. Apparently, however, the voice was not quite natural, or Mary would have been recalled from her emotion and would have scrutinized this Stranger more earnestly. Supposing him to be the gardener — perhaps an employee of Joseph of Arimathea, and therefore responsible for the tomb and its contents. If thou have borne him hence . . . I will take him away. — The tomb had been loaned in a moment of emergency. Mary seems to reason that the owner had fixed upon some more permanent resting-place for the Lord's body, and had directed its removal.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Mary — a self-revealing word. No other than her Lord



Nourishment or Food

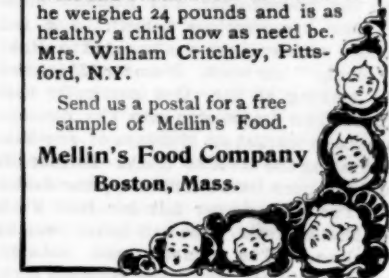
Are you sure that your baby is getting enough *nourishment*? We do not say food because a baby may get lots of food but get little nourishment. Mellin's Food is nourishment. It contains the elements of nutrition that a baby needs in order to satisfy his hunger and make him grow and attain that complete development, which is so much desired by every mother. Mellin's Food babies are healthy babies, and well developed babies.

Mellin's Food

Our little boy, George Frederick Wilham Critchley, was such a frail and sickly baby that we despaired of his life. Nothing seemed to nourish him and he did not grow or thrive at all. We commenced feeding him with Mellin's Food and his improvement was immediate and continuous. At 6 months he weighed 24 pounds and is as healthy a child now as need be. Mrs. Wilham Critchley, Pittsford, N. Y.

Send us a postal for a free sample of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company
Boston, Mass.



Himself could pronounce her name like that. Her soul passes in an instant from deepest anguish to highest joy. Saith unto him. — R. V. adds the words "in Hebrew," which was the language spoken in the band of the disciples and not the Greek in which the Gospels were written. Rabboni — "my Master," or "my Teacher." She utters the one word of joyful recognition, and then falls at His feet, seeking to embrace them in the transports of her gladness.

Since the voice of every human being in a healthy condition is the expression of the man within him, we can infer the impressiveness of Jesus' voice without having a more definite conception of it (Lange).

17. Touch me not — or "take not hold of Me." Mary, in the supreme delight of recovering her lost Lord, would have clung to Him, and poured out without stint the wealth of her devotion and reverence. But this would have been neither wise nor reasonable. He was not as He had been, and as yet He had not ascended to the Father. For I am not ascended. — Says Dr. Abbott: "The true interpretation seems to me to be this: Christ had promised His disciples that, after He had gone to the Father, He would return to be with them, that they might be in Him and He in them, as He was in the Father and the Father in Him. He restrained Mary from embracing Him by declaring that He had not yet gone to the Father; that the time for the fulfillment of the promise of His fellowship had not yet come." Go unto my brethren. — He appears to Mary first of all, and makes her the first preacher of the Resurrection. The Ascension took place forty days later. My Father, your Father. — The language is peculiar. He had taught the disciples to say "Our Father," but that was in a prayer which He could not Himself use. Being the Only-begotten of the Father, He keeps His relation distinct from theirs.

18. The R. V. makes several changes. The verse as revised reads: "Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord; and how that He had said these things unto her."

19. Then the same day, etc. — R. V., "when, therefore, it was evening, on that day, the first day of the week." Four times on that memorable day had the risen Jesus appeared to different ones of His followers — first to Mary Magdalene; then to the women who started with her to the sepulchre; then to the Emmaus disciples; and lastly to Peter. When the doors were shut . . . for fear of the Jews. — Ten of the apostolic band, with other disciples, had gathered secretly to discuss the wonderful tidings which members of their company brought concerning the resurrection of Jesus — a fact which they were very slow to believe. It was natural that they should have a dread of the Jewish rulers after what had happened, and especially if these last tidings should prove to be true. Came Jesus and stood in the midst. — The Evangelist does not stop to discuss how He came into the closed room; he records the fact. Peace be unto you — a visible Presence, an audible salutation, an appropriate benediction; for, though commonly used by the Jews in their greetings, these words on Jesus' lips at this time were calculated to banish all agitating doubt and unbelief and allay all fear; but they did not for the moment. "The unwonted aspect of that glorified body, the awful significance of the fact that He had risen from the dead, frightened them. They thought it was a spirit" (Farrar).

The fact that Jesus entered through the closed door does not indicate that the body was other than the natural body which had been laid in the grave; and Christ's language at this very time, as reported by Luke, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have," appears to be conclusive that His resurrection body was His physical body. It is as futile to ask how, with a natural body, He could enter through the closed door, as to ask how

He could walk upon the water. Miracles defy explanation. It is to be observed, however, that the Evangelist does not state that Jesus entered through the closed door. He simply states the two facts which came within his own observation: the doors were closed, and while so closed, suddenly Jesus was seen standing in the midst of the disciples, within the room (Abbott).

20. Showed unto them his hands and his side — the wounds of the nails and of the spear. According to the parallel accounts, He "upbraided them for their unbelief," bade them handle Him to see that He was not a disembodied spirit, a spectral illusion, and even partook with them of some broiled fish which they were eating. Then were the disciples glad . . . saw the Lord — realized that it was He who stood before them. How glad they were we can but faintly estimate.

IV Inferential

1. Christ's empty tomb is the pledge of universal victory over the grave.

2. Our choicest blessings sometimes come to us in such unexpected shapes as to excite our alarm.

3. "The Lord is nigh to them of a broken heart." Jesus may be close at hand when least looked for.

4. "They that seek Christ must seek Him sorrowing. Weeping must not hinder seeking" (M. Henry).

5. He "callest His own sheep by name." "His sheep hear His voice."

6. The "Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" may be our Father.

7. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

8. Those who meet together in Jesus' name may expect to find Him in their midst — a real though invisible Presence.

9. Those to whom He shows His sacred "hands and side" — the "precious wounds received on Calvary" — need no crucifix.

10. "The disciples were glad when they saw the Lord;" but we need not the bodily presence of Him "whom, not having seen, we love; in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

JAPAN ANNUAL CONFERENCE

REV. JULIUS SOPER.

THE sixteenth session of the Japan Annual Conference is a thing of the past. It was held under the presidency of Bishop Cranston, March 29-April 6, at Aoyama, Tokyo. It was one of the most interesting and profitable sessions of our history; on spiritual lines it was the best. The preachers are rising to a higher plane of religious experience, and are working with a zeal and devotion never witnessed before. Bishop Cranston was greatly pleased with the condition of the Conference, as well as the outlook of our work in Japan. The Bishop gave excellent satisfaction in the discharge of his official duties. His sermons and addresses will long be remembered. One of our professors at Aoyama said he had not for a long time received so much help from a discourse as from the one the Bishop delivered at the Commencement of Aoyama Gakuin (College at Aoyama), March 27. The Bishop was "instant in season and out of season."

Eight preachers were ordained this year — five as elders and three as deacons. There was advance all along the line — increase both in membership and in contributions towards self-support. The benevolent collections were not quite up to those of last year. This was owing to the fact that the past year was a short one — only about eight

months. The chief events of the Conference were:—

1. The visit of Rev. C. H. Yatman. He is on a trip around the world on an evangelistic tour. He spent several weeks in Yokohama and Tokyo. He gave two addresses to our preachers and friends in Goucher Hall, Aoyama. These addresses were well received and highly appreciated. Deep and lasting impressions were made. His talk on evangelistic methods was greatly enjoyed. I am sure good results will follow these labors of Mr. Yatman. Mr. Yatman also preached a number of times in other places, both in Tokyo and Yokohama. His cheerful and happy countenance is a benediction in itself.

2. The election of delegates to the next General Conference. This election is considerably in advance; but as the Conference was held in the spring this year and not in the summer, and as no Bishop is expected out to hold another Annual Conference until after the next General Conference, the election took place as indicated. Rev. Julius Soper was elected (unanimously) clerical delegate, and Rev. J. G. Cleveland reserve. Prof. M. Takagi, who teaches both in the Imperial University and our Aoyama Gakuin, was elected lay delegate, and Hon. Sho Nemoto, a member of the Lower House of the Imperial Diet, reserve.

3. Memorials to the General Conference. There were several of these. It is desired by the Conference that the time of probation be made four years instead of two, except in the case of graduates from our regularly established theological schools — their time of probation to remain as before, with a special course of study for two years. We feel that none ought to be admitted into full connection until they have complied with all conditions, passed all examinations, and have been elected to elder's orders. Why should any one be admitted to all the privileges of an Annual Conference before he has passed all required examinations?

Another memorial will go asking for provision by which there may be lay representation in our Annual Conference — two from each presiding elder's district. There ought to be special legislation for our foreign fields — not necessarily the same for all.

A memorial asking that there be an episcopal residence established in Eastern Asia will also be sent. We desire the same Bishop for four consecutive years. So mote it be!

Aoyama, Tokyo, April 28, 1893.

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

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OUR BOOK TABLE

The Redemption of Africa: A Story of Civilization. With maps, Statistical Tables and Select Bibliography of the Literature of African Missions. By Frederic Perry Noble. Two volumes. F. H. Revell Company: New York. Price, \$4.

This is a graphic and comprehensive view of African regeneration, the first catholic or universal history of the Christianization of this most interesting and inspiring of continents. It is crowded with good things, the result of five years' painstaking effort, and leaves very little to be desired by him who wishes to have in a single work a bird's-eye view of all that has been done throughout the centuries for the regeneration of this part of the world. The beautiful maps, and the elaborate tables embodying educational, literary, medical, philanthropic and cultural statistics, are beyond all praise—clearly the best yet seen. There never was before for Africa, and there does not now exist for any other field, so far as we are aware, so exhaustive an enumeration and classification of mission agencies. He makes the grand total working here (counting both missionary societies and church bodies in Africa, both Protestant and Roman Catholic) to be 406. The number of Protestant native communicants in Africa and Madagascar (exclusive of adherents, Ethiopie and Koptie Christians, and European-descended Africans) is nearly 300,000, with about 250,000 in the Roman Catholic ranks. Counting adherents or Christian population, he puts the Roman Catholic at 400,000 and the Protestant at 800,000.

Our author gives very thorough, candid, and competent treatment to the work of the Roman Catholic Church in Africa from the earliest times down to the present day. While doing full justice to the nobility of many of the workers and the sublimity of their plans for the conquest of the continent, he thinks their day is past and the supremacy of Protestantism assured. He points out the many weaknesses of their system. Both their method and their temper are largely worldly. Hence their success is superficial and temporary. They believe in wielding the sword and using the state. They do not develop a native agency as Protestantism does, nor give the Bible to their converts. Celibacy injures Rome. The unmarried missionary possesses superior advantages for overrunning a country, but in the long run, when it comes to permanent occupation in the interests of a Christian civilization, the celibate must yield to the husband and wife. The papal missionary is a cheap man, the Protestant comparatively expensive; but the enhanced expense is more than balanced by the enlargement of efficiency. The Catholic missionary, as a rule, is less intelligent and practical, more poorly educated, than the Protestant. The Protestants are also putting in much more money and are increasing in numbers much faster. There can be no doubt as to which will win.

The great body of the work deals with the various Protestant missions, aiming to give the most space to those which are most interesting and distinctive and successful, and to bring out prominently the career of the strongest workers. Among the latter are Robert and Mary Moffat, David and Mary Livingstone, Alexander M. Mackay, Cardinal Lavigerie, Bishop Samuel Crowther, Miss Mary Louisa Whateley, Frederic Arnot, W. A. B. Johnson, Robert H. Nassau, George Grenfell, and George Schmid. Among the former is placed the work in Madagascar, in Egypt, in Uganda, at Lonedale, and at Livingstonia in Nyassaland. Two chapters are given to the *Unitas Fratrum*, commonly known as the Moravians, whom the author counts as "the church of missions," "the most efficacious and influential missionary organization that ever existed," "the first

Protestant church to go among the heathen with no purpose except to save souls."

These two volumes are models in most respects, but there is one serious blemish which we should not be just to our readers did we not mention. The author is a Congregationalist, son of Rev. Dr. Noble, of Chicago, and takes every opportunity to praise beyond measure the work which Congregationalists, whether English or American, have done, while he seems to find it very hard to see any good in the labors of either British or American Methodists. He appears to have been nettled by Methodist successes in other parts of the world, and manifests extreme gladness to find a place where Methodism does not shine so brightly. Even for the great work of the English Wesleyans in Africa he has only the most grudging acknowledgment, continually saying that they "claim" such and such figures, that their seminary "is called satisfactory," that "it is averred" so and so, as though no reliance could be placed on the reports. And when it comes to the Methodist Episcopal Church, his assertions of its utter failure in Africa are most emphatic and numerous. He delights to harp upon it in various parts of the book, and cites it under many different headings. "May American Methodism," he says, "learn wisdom for all future time from her sad experience in Africa, the saddest in African missions since that of the Portuguese and the Jesuit in Kongo." "The work of America's Methodist women for Africa's dusky daughters is another of the African failures of American Methodism." "The American Methodist and the European Jesuit have been Christianity's failure in African missions." It may be frankly admitted that we have very little to be proud of in our African work, that we have made bad mistakes there and wasted a large amount of money; but we see no reason why Mr. Noble should gloat over it and exaggerate it as he has done. He says the "Anne Taylor," which was sold in 1896 for \$3,000, was a \$75,000 boat. It certainly did not cost over \$25,000. He goes out of his way to accuse Bishop Taylor of "proselytism" in his latest labors in South Africa; and he contradicts himself by flatly declaring that "Taylor Mission" (so he calls it) was "not a Methodist enterprise," and then a few pages further on blaming the Methodist Church for its failure, and charging her to "learn from her sad experience in Africa." He also contradicts himself when treating of the Methodist work among the Negroes of America, saying "Baptist churches influence more Negroes than does any other other denomination." But he gives only four millions as the number having "Baptist affiliations," while a few pages further on he is compelled to assign 4,200,000 as the number "under Methodist influences." We are sorry to see this strong anti-Methodistic spirit crop out so very frequently. It is unworthy of the author, and a decided blot on the book. Mission history should above all things be impartial and catholic.

Great Books. By Dean Farrar. T. Y. Crowell & Co.: New York.

The first chapter takes up the subject of reading and of the great books in general which have been written, giving good advice as to the choice of books and the manner of reading them. Following chapters deal each with a masterpiece. The first is *Pilgrim's Progress*. Preceding the description and explanation of the book itself is a short biographical sketch of the author. The second in the series describes some of the greatest of Shakespeare's dramas. The third is the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. The next chapter is devoted to the poems of Milton—"Paradise Lost," and some of his shorter poems. The last chapter is on the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis. The whole book is written in the simplest

but most expressive manner. The author not only tells the story of each book well, but he enters so fully into its spirit that the reader cannot fail to be inspired to a further study of the masterpieces of English literature into which he is given such a glimpse.

Danish Fairy and Folk Tales. Translated by J. Christian Bay. Harper & Brothers: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

In the preface the author says that the tales are Danish "only inasmuch as they have been collected among the population of Denmark, and are colored by the thinking and doing of the people of this country." As the title implies, this is a collection of fairy tales, some old and some new. The reader will recognize many of the old familiar tales dressed out in new language and new names, but with the old beloved themes that have been a source of joy to children of all ages for centuries.

The Sign of Thy Coming; or, Premillennialism. Unscriptural and Unreasonable. By George W. Wilson. With an Introduction by Bishop W. N. Ninde. The Christian Witness Co.: Boston.

All desire for information concerning this book is best answered by Bishop Ninde in his introduction when he says: "The author of this interesting and able volume has done well in giving his strength to the Scripture argument. He has shunned no difficulty and evaded no plausible misinterpretation of a truth. With the most painstaking and searching analysis he has sifted the claims of the premillennialists, and shown how thoroughly a just exegesis proves their temerity

"Ye of Little Faith"

"Let Me Make the Next Cup For You."

I may be the victim of a fad; if so, it is a healthful one. I may be the dupes of fancy, if so, it is a pleasant one. I have always rather disclaimed fads and disliked figments of the imagination, but there are a few facts I can make affidavit to.

From early childhood, I have used coffee. The taste was no doubt hereditary, coming from a long line of coffee loving ancestors who bequeathed me a complexion to match.

When others spoke of the injurious effect of coffee, I smiled in a lofty sort of way and took an extra cup, and when a friend who is an excellent judge of the good things of this world, left off coffee and tried Postum, I regarded her as the victim of a fad and told her so.

Finally my health began to fail, and I thought perhaps there might be some truth in the statement that coffee was at the bottom of it, so I tried leaving it off, but the meals were no meals at all.

That was not imagination, neither was the headache, morbid listlessness and general derangement of the system. I found my coffee habit was not to be lightly thrown aside, and became very much vexed at my own weakness. "Try my plan," my friend said, and in my extremity I finally yielded. She gave me some Postum which I boiled about five minutes and sipped it somewhat disdainfully. The color was good and the fragrance, but the taste was flat. When my friend inquired, she shook her head and smiled. "Five minutes, when I told you fifteen; oh, ye of little faith. Let me make the next cup for you." She did so, and it was a revelation.

For a week I continued its use with great benefit, even the bad taste in my mouth had disappeared. Humbly I sought my friend and said, "If you will tell me where I can get Postum, I shall continue its use." She smiled and remarked, "I am afraid you are the victim of a fad." I took the home thrust as gracefully as possible, well enough satisfied to be joked, inasmuch as I have been so very much helped by the discontinuance of coffee and the use of Postum. — Della R. Sheldahl, 1420 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

and groundlessness. I heartily commend this convincing book to every candid inquirer after truth."

Directory of Charitable and Beneficent Organizations of Boston. 1899 Fourth Edition. Revised and Enlarged. 470 pages. Sold at the Offices of the Associated Charities, Room 31, Charity Building, 43 Hawkins St. and at Damrell & Upham's, 283 Washington St. Price, \$1. Interleaved for Notes, \$1.25.

By the aid of this book, citizens may more wisely distribute their gifts and secure for those in need the peculiar help fitted to the circumstances — be it education, alms, care in sickness, or helps to thrift and better health. The Directory contains brief, comprehensive statements of a thousand different agencies, giving legal title, location, special features, conditions and modes of application for each, including the Charities Proper, Social and Philanthropic Work, Government Agencies, and chapters on Legal Suggestions and Laws as to Dwellings, which are well-considered summaries of the laws of Massachusetts most intimately touching the lives of the poor.

Magazines

— *Music for May* is a very interesting and suggestive issue. There is a fine portrait of Sir George Grove, another of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." The editor, W. S. B. Mathews, has a strong contribution upon "Wanted: An American Musical University." There is an attractive article on "Noteworthy Personalities," with portraits of Mr. Seppilli, Mr. William F. Cummings, and Mr. F. W. Hedgeland. The "Editorial Bric-a-Brac" presents several illustrations. (Music Magazine Publishing Co.: Chicago.)

— *The American Journal of Sociology* maintains its high character in the May issue. The following are some of the leading topics treated: "Two Weeks in Department Stores," "Taxation and the Philosophy of the State," "The Social Objects of the National-Social Movement in Germany," "Sex in Primitive Morality," and "Profit-Sharing and Co-operation" (II). (University of Chicago Press: Chicago.)

— The young folks will find a wealth of entertaining reading in the *May St. Nicholas*. Two new continued stories are begun — "The Dozen from Lakerim," by Rupert Hughes, and "Quicksilver Sue," by Laura E. Richards. "The Story of Betty" breaks off in a most exciting point this month; and we cannot help loving sweet little Catharine in "Trinity Bells," Mrs. Barr's delightful serial. There is a generous number of short stories and sketches and poems, with a profusion of illustrations. (Century Co.: New York.)

— *Cassell's Magazine* for May has a pleasing table of contents, including: "The Choir at St. Paul's," "Rooms at Oxford," "Plants as Food," "Society Dogs," "Stories of Monte Carlo," "The Sorrows of a Cyclist," with four complete stories and new chapters in the serial, "The Garden of Swords." (Cassell & Company, Limited: 7 and 9 West 18th St., New York.)

— "Army Women," "Gibson's Original American Girl," "Boston Symphony Orchestra," "Around the World with the Flag," "Our Nation's Memorial Day," "Stories of a Confederate," "The Revival of Falconry," "Silk Worm Industry in America," are some of the topics treated in the *May National Magazine*. There are also stories by Octave Thanet, Anna Farquhar, Hayden Carruth, and Winthrop Packard. The cover is, very appropriately, decorated with the picture of a veteran carrying the flag in colors. (W. W. Potter Co.: 91 Bedford St., Boston.)

— A notable feature of the *May Critic* is the first of a series of heretofore uncollected humorous sketches and original drawings by W. M. Thackeray. A portrait of Aubrey

Beardsley appears as a frontispiece. A very interesting article on "Tolstoy," by J. L. G., tells how the great Russian novelist lives and works. "Two Women in the Klondike" are Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock and Miss Edith Van Buren, from whose story of their adventures the *Critic* is permitted to quote by the Messrs. Putnam. "Aubrey Beardsley's Strange Art," is described, and a number of illustrations given. (The Critic Co.: New York.)

— A beautiful illustration drawn by O. Toaspen for E. Scott O'Connor's poem, "Waiting," is given as a frontispiece in the

May Bookman. "Chronicle and Comment" is enlivened with portraits of William Watson, Paul Laurence Dunbar, and Justin McCarthy. A sketch of Edward W. Townsend, author of "Mr. Chimmie Fadden," with portrait, and one of F. P. Dunne, author of "Mr. Martin Dooley," also accompanied with a portrait, will find interested readers. "The Opera Season of 1898-'99" is treated at length and fully illustrated. Paul Leicester Ford's new novel, "Janice Meredith," now running in this magazine, is eagerly awaited from month to month. (Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York.)



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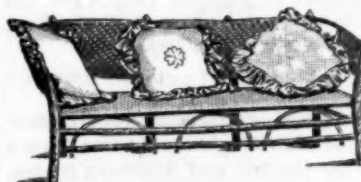
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Epworth League Department

Edited by REV. F. N. UPHAM.

Lack of Conviction

The era of good feeling has loosened the grip of conviction. Our opponents have improved upon acquaintance. We find them companionable, genial and delightful men. We vote them "good fellows." Points of agreement are emphasized much more strongly than points of divergence, and this is right. Fraternity between the churches is a blessed answer to the Master's intercessory prayer. The interchange of pulpits is easy. Thank God for the unfenced *green pastures* of Christendom!

But, with all this, there has come to the unthinking, or the shallow thinking, the inference that one thing is as good as another, there's nothing needed beyond sincerity, truth is just as you may see it—in fine, religion is a matter of opinion; it cannot be conviction—that's too positive; "only believe," and no question will be asked as to *what* you believe; all truth is like the yielding water or the insinuating atmosphere—no solid rock anywhere.

This is an enervating leniency. Conscience's clock tamely tells time, but no more strikes its morning alarm, saying, "It is high time to awake up out of sleep." We can readily fancy the Master saying to some of these invertebrate brethren, "Sleep on now, and take your rest." Under the olives He is struggling alone. No one knows, no one heeds, His anguish. This facile doctrine makes heroism superfluous and disbands the army of the Lord. Calvary's central cross filled no essential place in the thought of God! The broad road and the narrow way alike end in glory! It is true, brethren; we are charmed with this lovely flower; we are weakened by its lotus-like honey. Lack of conviction is a serious defect today.

"At Ease in Zion"

"At ease in Zion" when self-denial is still in demand; self-sacrifice a present requisite for discipleship; sin exceeding sinful; the devil yet walking, lying, deceiving, murdering; the world not yet brought to the Christ who died for its redemption; man bound for a throne of judgment whose standard of inquiry and ground of verdict are "the deeds done in the body"—to be "at ease in Zion" on such a field, where the forces of sin and righteousness are contending for supremacy, is nothing less than a fatal neglect of one's own eternal interests, an utter disregard of fellow-man, and high treason in the sight of God.

An Epworth Window

Onward, a young people's paper, published by the Methodist Church of Canada, has a most interesting article on the Epworth Memorial Church in Cleveland, Ohio. We take the following description of the window. It beautifully symbolizes our manifold work:—

"One of the first things to attract the attention of the visitor is the Epworth Memo-

rial window. It is a masterpiece in the stained-glass art, and covers 512 square feet. The upper section is the representation of a wheel, illustrating the Epworth wheel. In the centre of the wheel is a Maltese cross, the badge of the League, containing the inscription, 'Look Up, Lift Up.' There are six loop designs around the circle, each a gem of artistic and delicate coloring, typifying the various branches of the work of the League. The upper loop represents Spiritual work, and depicts Jesus sending His disciples into the world to preach the Gospel, with the words, 'Go ye forth and preach the Gospel.' The second loop represents Mercy and Help, and pictures the Good Samaritan ministering to the prostrate man. The motto, 'Not ministered unto, but to minister,' is inscribed in tinted letters. The Literary department is painted in the next loop. There Christ, the youth, is standing in the temple, discussing with the wise men. Accompanying the picture are the words: 'Increased in wisdom and stature.' Mary and Martha entertaining Christ in their home is the theme of the next picture, which represents Social work. The secretarial department is represented by the venerable apostle John, on the island of Patmos, seated with a scroll of papyrus on his knee, in the act of writing the words, 'I write unto you, young men, that ye be strong.' The financial department is represented by Christ holding money in His fingers and saying: 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.' Below the wheel, in the two lower corners, are small circles enclosing the busts of John and Charles Wesley, the founders of the Methodist Church. The lower section of the window consists of eight stained panes of elaborate design. The two upper central panes contain the famous words of Wesley: 'I desire a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Jesus Christ.' Directly below are pictures of the old church and graveyard in Epworth Chapel, and the rectory in which the father of Wesley lived and where Wesley himself was born."

By the Way

—George W. Penniman, general secretary for New England, is home from a trip to the Central and Southern States. During his trip he visited Washington, Old Point Comfort, Richmond, Va., Clifton Forge, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Asheville, N. C., Chattanooga, Tenn., and Atlanta, Ga. He gave an address at Clark University, Atlanta, on the Anniversary Sunday of the Epworth League. He was in a serious railroad wreck, a head-on collision, near Dalton, Ga., at 4:30 Monday morning, May 15. Several persons were seriously injured and the engines and several cars were badly mixed up. Mr. Penniman escaped with slight scratches on his head, sustained by being thrown violently from the car seat to the floor.

—The League at Westfield, Mass., besides having a most interesting celebration of Anniversary Day, with addresses and songs, contributed a bright gold eagle—ten dollars—to the Twentieth Century Thank Offering, directing that it be applied to the permanent fund of the New England Conference Preachers' Aid Society. Rev. Dr. J. W. Lindsay, superintendent of that Society,

sent a most cordial and appreciative note of acknowledgment.

—In the New England Conference there are 221 Senior Epworth Leagues, but only 148 Junior Leagues. That's a bad discrepancy. The figures ought to tally.

—We heard of a minister lately who said he never went to his Sunday evening service till the church bell was all through tolling, because if he should go earlier he would be completely disheartened by seeing troops of his young people going away from church at the close of the Epworth meeting. Poor man! we pity him. Was he *your* preacher?

—In Southampton, Mass., the League has charge of the Sunday-evening service. It is well attended and finely supported. There is no friction between the older and the younger people. Near the close of the hour the pastor is called upon to speak as he may wish to do, and often finds the way open for an earnest exhortation. The League here has a well-executed plan for systematic visitation of the sick and aged. Miss Millie Sheldon is League president, and Rev. T. C. Radoslavoff is the pastor.

—Rev. O. W. Scott, New England Junior League superintendent, had not been three weeks in his new appointment—Central Church, Chicopee—before he organized a Junior chapter there. Already twenty-seven children are enrolled, and twenty-six were present and sat together at the anniversary exercises, May 14.

—Rev. E. R. Thorndike, D. D., presiding elder of Lynn District, New England Conference, has this appreciative word in his annual report of the Epworth League: "I fear all do not recognize or fully appreciate the good work being done by our Senior and Junior Leagues. It is far in advance of what was done by and for our young people and children less than a score of years ago. It does not hinder revivals, but indirectly and often directly helps promote them, and interests many young people in things true, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, and trains childhood in ways that tend toward a more intelligent and useful church membership."

—The *Epworth Herald's* anniversary number was a magnificent paper. We recollect that Bishop Merrill said, in commenting upon the first issue, in June, 1890: "Can the young fellow keep it up?" Well, he has. That's the testimony of nine extraordinary years. Dr. Berry doesn't know how to get up a dull paper. On the contrary his pen is sharp, his sentences ring and sing and sometimes *sting*, his point of view is high, his vision wide, and his paper—no wonder it easily leads the subscription lists in religious journalism the world over. That's a great word of Bishop Fowler:

"The biggest pulpit in America is the chair of the *Epworth Herald*."

— Rev. W. I. Haven evidently made a lasting impression upon the minds of the now famous company of men who formed the Epworth League in that memorable Cleveland gathering ten years ago. Seven out of the twenty-four writers of reminiscences in this anniversary number mention him with most appreciative words. His New England friends read these merited tributes with feelings of grateful pride and affectionate interest.

For Our Juniors — A Tree Story.

A very strong man once swung his sharp axe upon his shoulder, saying to himself, "I'm off for the woods now for a little while."

The little birds, who are said to carry the news, straightway flew to the forest and said to the trees standing round, "You trees had better look out. A big man is coming with a very sharp axe. We saw him headed this way."

All at once the forest was shaken as by a mighty wind. The trees bowed themselves this way and that, and shook for very fright, and the raindrops of a recent shower that had nestled among the leaves as they fell seemed like falling tears.

Sure enough, very soon the big man was seen crossing an open lot, hurrying towards the woods. When he came he looked around. One little sapling leaned up against its neighbor, saying, "If I can't stand alone, he surely won't take me." A second tree bent clear over, almost to the ground, for it thought: "No man will want such a crooked stick as I am." They were afraid of the sharp axe, you see. There were two other trees that stood up as straight as they could, saying one to the other, "Let's be brave. Trees can't expect to always stay right here. Anyway, we will not play the coward."

Along came the woodsman. He saw all these trees. Of course, he didn't want a tree that could not stand alone, nor would he stop then to cut down a sapling that was all bent over. These two trees thought just right about that. As he looked at the two tall, shapely trees he said: "They will do by and by. I'll want them in a few years." Saying this, he cut a small mark on each one of them. It hurt a little, but they stood it very well.

From that time on they were marked trees. They felt sure they were going to be used for something good after a time. Really, they began to pity their neighbors who probably would stay there all their lives, or be cut down and split up into ever so many pieces.

A few years after this the birds came flying again to the forest with the same old story — "The big man's coming, and the axe is over his shoulder, and it's very, very sharp today, for we saw him whetting it up just before he started."

At this, what a sighing among the trees! They all sounded like pines and awayed like weeping willows — all except two.

When the woodsman came he remembered the place. Of course he didn't

want the leaning tree, nor the poor bent-over one, but he hurried to where the two tall straight trees were standing. He saw the marks there — "blazes," he called them — made years ago.

Now see the chips fly as the axe swings. Of course it hurt. Down came the trees. Then they were trimmed, and dragged out into the open field, and then off and away to the road and the mill.

This is what became of them: A great ship was building on the docks, and a main-mast was needed. And here it was — one of our brave trees. Polished and rounded, it was firmly secured deep down in the mighty vessel. The sails were rigged. Then came the voyage. The winds filled the canvas, and how the gay ship sped over the bounding waves! Our brave tree stood firm. What a noble mast it made! Oh, how often it said: "How glad I am I stood up brave and straight when a sapling. Here I am now. What a great and glorious life this! Far better than to drop a useless trunk in the woods by and by."

And the second tree — what was its fate? They needed a pole on the Capitol grounds, that, highest of all in the city, would fly the largest flag. Here was just what was needed in our brave, noble tree. How proudly it stood for years, holding the glorious flag as it floated over a nation's Capitol. Men of state and church stood about and touched their hats reverently. What a splendid life our tree lived! Of course it hurt a little to be cut away back in the sapling days; but it was worth while, wasn't it?

The other two, who were called "Lean-over" and "Bent-down" by their fellows, were cut away after a while, and ended their days in the old kitchen as fire-wood.

Boys and girls — can't you see the point of this tree story? Who will stand up brave and straight?

Epworth Opening Hymn

God bless our Epworth League,
Let love and peace be ours,
God bless our League;
Be Thou our strength and tower,
And in this coming hour,
Send every member power,
God bless our League!

God bless our Epworth League,
Fill each young heart with love,
God bless our League!
Take all false fear away,
Guide all we do and say,
And while we work we'll pray,
God bless our League!

God bless our Epworth League,
Thine is the power, O Lord!
God bless our League;
Keep us still in the right,
Hearts pure and faces bright,
And save some soul tonight.
God bless our League!

— Rev. H. N. Oasson.

Bishop Fowler on the Epworth League

The Epworth League, which is the volunteer army where raw recruits, by much drilling and some skirmishing, are matured into regular soldiers and veterans, who ask not for the number of the enemies, but for a chance to meet them. The League, with its 1,650,000 members,

is to the church what hind legs are to the kangaroo. They make the kangaroo jump; but remember always that it is the kangaroo that jumps. The League makes the church go, but it is the church that goes. The League is the last apostle in the company, somewhat like Paul, not made by the chance of casting lots or flopping a penny, but makes its own way, defends its own apostleship, and, like Paul, when strengthened by experience, will be the mightiest apostle in the company.

Methodism — A Few Advantages

Dr. Crane, in his recent sermon on "The Itinerant Preacher," preached before the New England Conference, says: —

"On the mere plane of temporal economy, we are better off than any other company in the army of the Lord. By our system we have —

"1. A pulpit for every preacher, and a preacher for every pulpit; no empty pulpits, no idle preachers waiting to be hired; every preacher in the effective ranks guaranteed a pastorate.

"2. A change of pastors with friction reduced to a minimum.

"3. Place-hunters naturally gravitate to other denominations where easy and luxurious settled pastorates are found. A preacher who doesn't want to be on the march falls out and settles.

"4. A plan which, with all its defects, judged by results, is the best ever known in the history of the church. There may be better plans, but they are not in operation to any large extent. We grow far more rapidly than any other church. Even the Roman Catholic Church, with its vast additions through immigration, does not keep pace with us. With little more than one hundred and thirty years of labor in America we have now more than 12,000,000 members and adherents. No parallel to this appears in history.

"There may be shadows in our work, but never any darkness. A world using scales, and yardsticks, and bushels, and surveyor's chains, affects to pity us. Sometimes the contagion attacks us, and we sigh what Bishop Asbury used to shout —

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness."

"Look at the shadows as the world counts shadows, and you will see that they but increase the light."

Epworth League in Foreign Lands

COUNTRY.	CHAPTERS.	MEMBERS.
India,	280	10,500
Mexico,	15	600
South America,	6	200
Italy,	8	200
Norway,	42	2,100
Sweden,	65	2,600
Denmark,	15	600
Finland,	3	100
China and Japan,	118	5,000
Korea,	5	100
Hawaii,	1	65
Liberia,	1	40
Total,	559	23,105

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save nine-tenths of the cost
and all the trouble.

Go by the Index.

Write Macbeth Pittsburgh Pa

League Prayer Meeting Topics for June

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, Ph. D.

June 4—Wheat and Tares. Matt. 13: 24-30.

One delightful spring morning, after showers had freshened the earth, I sat on the shore of Galilee. The sea, under the ascending sun, was like glass. Birds of varied hue flitted in gladness and sang their sweetest matins. Not far away flowers were blooming—blood-red anemones, gay tulips, the spotless narcissus, and other beauties. The quiet resting upon the scene recalled the effect produced by Christ when He commanded—"Peace, be still! And there was a great calm." Probably on some such morning as this our Saviour, from a boat, spoke the parables of this chapter to eager listeners on the beach. Among them is that of the wheat and tares, one of the clearest in its method and most startling in its teachings of any that our Lord ever uttered. Observe,—

1. Its scope. The whole of life, from seed-time to harvest, is embraced. By a few master strokes He gives in outline the drama of human existence, including the actors, the acts, and the outcome for time and eternity.

2. What could be more realistic than Christ's own interpretation of this parable! (1) The field. There it lies, spread out before our eyes. We see it plainly at a glance, and easily to the mind the whole world becomes "the field." Ample room is here for good and evil to grow, side by side, into their natural fruitage. Then also each heart is a world by itself—a microcosm or miniature macrocosm. (2) The seeds. Have you ever stopped to consider what a wonderful thing is a seed—what tremendous possibilities lie within its outer covering? Look at the acorn—a squirrel's dinner, a child's plaything. Yet from its tiny germ spring the giant oak, the wide-spreading forest of majestic trees. Evil seeds were dropped into the soil of humanity's heart at the fall of our first parents. What stupendous miseries have followed! Christ sowed good seed in His disciples' hearts. All the rich benefits of a Christian civilization have followed as a bountiful harvest of good. (3) The sowers. Who? Satan and his helpers. Whence came evil? Its origin is a mystery. Christ's answer is significant—"An enemy hath done this." Not a friend. God is not the author of sin. Christ traces it back to the devil and does not tell us how he became what he is. In some way sin originated in the voluntary abuse of moral freedom. It is and always has been a bad free choice. God sowed good seed only. (4) The products. These are not discernible at first. Strange that evil and good should be so much alike in their early stages! Science tells us that the cells from which animals and plants grow are exceedingly similar. (5) The harvest. Now the distinction is unmistakable. It is plain as if written in gigantic letters of fire across the sky. Wheat and tares, good people and bad, may not seem so very different while developing; but when you have the "full corn in the ear," then they stand over against one another like black demons and white angels. The distinction is wide as heaven and hell.

ETERNAL VERITIES.

1. All of God's laws are expressions of His character.
2. They invariably antagonize all that is vicious and debasing.

3. Just as unerringly do they uphold and reinforce whatever and whomsoever make for righteousness and purity.

4. While we cannot always discriminate between those who are true and those who are false, hence require great patience, let it be remembered that each is growing in accord with his essential nature. Ultimate fruit will surely and finally determine.

5. The permanence of doom for those represented by the tares is as certain in this parable as the permanence of destiny for those represented by the wheat.

6. What colossal import gathers about the personal question—Do I belong to the wheat or to the tares? Am I on my way to the fiery furnace of final condemnation, or to the brightly illumined mansion of eternal approbation?

7. Life's meaning is heightened in the fact that we become sowers of wheat or tares.

8. The appalling responsibility of determining what the harvest shall be, rests upon each individual.

9. Character is not dual, or mingled good and bad, in its final issue, but a unity—either wheat or tares. May God impress us with the absolute necessity of departing from all evil and being wholly good, genuinely good, through and through!

June 11—A Perfect Child (Children's Sunday). Luke 2: 40-52.

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

The old proverb has it that "the child is father to the man," and somehow we very easily regard it true. Certain incidents in child life do reveal not only the natural bent, but often a future destiny. When we think of Mozart it is to recall that when eight years of age he composed a remarkable piece of music. When attention is turned to Humphry Davy, we are reminded of how he nearly blew up his father's house with chemicals. Giotto brings to mind a lad drawing rough sketches of his sheep on bits of stone. Napoleon pictures to us a boyish general winning victories with snow-balls over his entrenched schoolmates. In looking at Nelson's life there is suggested his grandmother's inquiry whether he did not feel fear in a certain place of danger, and his reply, "What is fear?" The name of Washington awakens the tender memory of his abandoning a sea life when just about to sail, because of his mother's tears. This natural law we observe, also, as Luke portrays Christ among the doctors.

1. "The child grew." How natural! How beautiful, too! He grew in body, mind and soul, just as any normal child grows. As a perfect child He was humanity's consummate bud, developing as easily and symmetrically as the opening rose. Let us bear in mind all the time that He was a real child, that He was really a human child, subject to the same conditions and limitations as the children who merrily play about our doors.

2. "Waxed strong." One aid to this was faithful study. For some eighty years before His advent schools had flourished throughout Palestine and education was compulsory. Another factor of growth was His regular attendance at public worship.

3. "Twelve years old." On His twelfth birthday He became a Son of the Law and commenced to incur legal obligations. At this age the Jewish boy was considered as

"grown up," must wear a phylactery, begin to learn a trade, and go up to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover.

4. "Tarry behind." This would seem strange to us. Not so then. In the caravans of Galilean pilgrims the children usually traveled together. Then, too, the crowd was very large. The male portion of the population at this season was estimated at nearly three millions. Did He tarry behind intentionally?

5. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" This is the reply. Perhaps it was to teach His parents the lesson which we ourselves are to learn—He is human and also divine.

6. "Was subject unto them"—on to His thirtieth year. Mark 6: 3 seems to indicate that He took up His father's trade and became a carpenter.

SIDE LIGHTS.

1. The annual festival of the Passover was a most joyful occasion. It was always held in Jerusalem. Every Israelite was expected to attend. Only the sick, the infirm, and lunatics were excused.

2. To the vast crowds the courts of the temple were very attractive. Indeed, the temple was the most distinctively national building of the capital city. It was not only the holiest of shrines, but the busiest of marts, and afforded the finest promenades.

3. At the time of this noted visit to Jerusalem, there were living some of the most celebrated doctors of Jewish history. Among those present may have been Hillel, nearly a century old, his son and successor, Simeon, and the youthful grandson, Gamaliel. Also Jonathan, the author of the Chaldee Targum. It is also possible that Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea were present.

4. "They understood not." Was this surprising? No. Even if they had fully believed Him to be the Messiah, they could not have understood why He should seek the technical learning of the scribes. Every noble soul experiences the time when it is not understood. There comes a moment when the dream ladder reaches the sky and the soul catches visions of future sublimity that are possible to its powers and yet cannot be understood by its dearest friends. That is a holy but a lonely hour.

5. Christ as a child has forever brightened and glorified childhood. The halo of His perfect conduct is a promised benediction for the brow of every aspiring boy. Let not our children leave home too early. Better tarry long in subjection and in the atmosphere of filial affection than to seek too soon the world's morbid excitement.

"Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before."

June 18—Intemperate Pleasures (Temperance meeting). 2 Tim. 3: 1-7.

"Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise."

Are we made for happiness? Yes, provided we mean by happiness all that is included in the word blessedness. It is not selfish indulgence. Selfishness from its very nature can play no part in true happiness. The most unselfish are those who experience deepest joy—that joy which arises from the consciousness of striving to measure up to one's possibilities in the God-directed purposes of life.

1. Our Creator has so constructed creation that every creature in its normal state has pleasure according to its capacity. It would

be incorrect to suppose that the vulture is miserable because we should be if we lived such a life as his; but the vulture is so constituted that he finds happiness in substances that would drive us away with repugnance. The sloth, on the authority of Waterton, is a very jovial little creature, and even the bat sings for joy. In these instances happiness comes from following out God's design.

2. Even in lower conditions of mankind the adverse accompaniments of pleasure are not so rasping to their more stolid natures as the same would be to those in higher walks. After a drought of months the inhabitants of Jamaica will long for rain above any earthly good. Finally the heavens open with terrific thunder and lightning. The rain brings out hosts of insects and reptiles. The ground is covered with lizards, the air is filled with mosquitoes, and the rooms of houses with centipedes. To us such a state of things would be torture; to them it is only a little alloy that must needs accompany all pleasure.

3. Passing into common, practical life, we find that pleasure, real happiness, is a result of right living, of an obedient acceptance of the Divine plan. It is found in the every-day, simple performance of duty. No deep delving is required to grasp it. The Indians of Chile and Peru picked up shining gold from the gravel and sand. When the Spaniards colonized South America they naturally inferred that if the natives could pick up gold enough from the surface to roof the palaces of their rulers, what quantities might they not secure by digging far down. Just here was their mistake—the largest supplies were near at hand. So with richest pleasures—they are near at hand; we may pick them up on either side as we pass along in duty's path.

4. Legitimate pleasures come along the highway of our truest well-being. The opposite of these are intemperate pleasures—such as tarrying long at the wine-cup, at the dance, at the card table, at the theatre.

5. In the "perilous times" to come, Paul declares to Timothy that "men shall be lovers of their own selves," and consequently "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Self on the throne and self-indulgence the aim of life! How sad! How disappointing!

6. As special warnings, note the career and ending of such as Lot, Laban, Saul, Ahab, Gehazi, Haman, the rich young ruler, Ananias and Sapphira.

7. A dervish once visited the confectionery shop of a friend. Wishing to please his guest, the confectioner poured some honey into a dish before him. Immediately a host of flies found the sweet. Some lighted on the edge, sipping gently, but the greater number lighted in the honey itself. The confectioner took up a whisk to drive them away, when it was found that most of them were fastened in the honey. Thereupon the dervish remarked: "That honey-dish is like the world, the honey like its pleasures." If willing to take its pleasures in moderation, then we shall not become ensnared by them.

"Pleasures admitted in undue degree
Enslave the will, nor leave the judgment free."

June 25—Spiritual Growth. Mark 4: 26-32.

This is a subject of the utmost importance to every Epworthian. Advancing or not? What about our chart, the Bible? Do we study it often and earnestly? Do we try to understand it in its minutest directions? Are we careful about the course we are pursuing? Is it straight or do we zigzag about, having the appearance of Christian progress when in reality we are making little or no headway? Is "Forward" our watch-

word, "Straightforward" our battle-cry? Do we desire spiritual growth above any earthly good? If so, then we shall gradually enter into an appreciation of its blessed purport.

1. The ground must be provided with suitable elements of food for the grain. In the natural world this is God's part of the plan; and right handsomely has He met these requirements. Then, too, the soil must be loosened that the opening germ may have easy play. This is man's part.

2. It is essential that the seed should possess inherent life. To implant this is the Creator's work. From the beginning to the present all seeds from the greatest to the least have been vitalized by the Source of all life. Again man has his part to perform, which is to bury the seed in the earth. In the two parables of our lesson we see this law carried into effect. It is God and man hand in hand. God does His large part, but man must do his small share in order that the designed result may be realized. In the spiritual world this same law prevails. Christ is the source of our life, but there are certain minor steps which we must ourselves take in order to reap the benefits of the life He so freely bestows.

SEED THOUGHTS.

1. The seed that God sends into this world is all good.
2. Good seed usually needs nurture and care, but evil needs only an opportunity.
3. There is a radical difference between men—a difference in root and in growth.
4. To all unobstructed growth there comes a day of maturity.
5. The difference between seeds is most distinctly apparent in the final fruitage.
6. "What is the use of thee, thou gnarled

sapling?" said a young larch tree to a young oak. "I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches; I am straight and tapering as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened wither." "And thy duration," answered the oak, "is some third part of man's life, while I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into palings, where thou rottest and art burnt after a single summer. Of me are fashioned battleships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas." This teaches us that slow and solid growth in the natural world produces most substantial material for permanent and wide usefulness. Do we not find it similar in the spiritual realm? Not the mushroom growth of the seed sown upon shallow ground produces the best lives, but that which goes down into the deep furrow. It is the unwearying and painstaking soul that blossoms and bears lasting fruit. Never let us be discouraged because we seem to grow slowly. Are we growing at all? If not, then we should be alarmed.

TESTS OF GROWTH.

1. An increasing consciousness of God in His works, in His Word, in His providences, and in the heart.
2. A deepening delight in all of God's revealed plans and purposes.
3. Enlarging of the sympathies for all mankind; taking into thought and affection those most uncongenial.
4. Greater relish for the quiet hour of communion with God and keener enjoyment of His presence.
5. A more forgiving, kind, gentle, charitable spirit.
6. A fiercer indignation and abhorrence against all forms of sin and vice.
7. Greater love of those who are blinded by sin and a stronger yearning to be used in winning them to Christ.
8. Not a leaning toward asceticism, but a drawing toward the struggling world about us.

"Yet so it is; the inner life
Takes vigor from the outer strife."

Brockton, Mass.



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ZION'S HERALD, March 29.

THE CONFERENCES

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Rockland District

Belfast.—Rev. G. E. Edgett has been cordially received. The pastorate opens well.

Boothbay Harbor.—Rev. Wm. Wood has been kindly welcomed for the third year. This means more aggressive work.

Bremen and West Waldoboro.—Rev. Geo. Reader opens his pastorate with energy and hope.

Camden.—Rev. T. S. Ross begins his fourth year with old-time enthusiasm. He was given a hearty reception.

China.—Rev. J. F. Thurston, of Middleboro, Mass., has been received as a supply.

Clinton and Benton.—Rev. J. A. Weed was cordially welcomed for the second year.

Cushing.—Rev. J. H. Gray opened the year with faith and enthusiasm. The town is united.

Damariscotta.—Rev. L. G. March begins his third year with plans that should yield good results. We expect this year to be his best thus far.

Dresden.—Rev. T. A. Hodgdon, a new man on the district, is well settled, and good plans are being worked.

East Boothbay.—Rev. A. E. Russell has been welcomed for the fourth year, and there is promise of large fruitage.

Friendship and South Waldoboro.—Rev. A. L. Nutter is another fourth-year man. He was heartily welcomed.

Georgetown and Arrowsic.—Rev. C. F. Smith, cheered by the success of last year, enters upon the second with hope and courage.

Lincolnton.—Rev. H. I. Holt opens this pastorate with indications of large success.

Montville and Palermo.—This charge will doubtless be supplied from China.

Morrill and Knox.—Rev. Charles Seliger was cordially received, and is well in line with the work.

North and East Vassalboro.—Rev. E. S. Gahan is well settled, and his sermons are much enjoyed.

Northport.—Rev. C. H. Bryant has been indly welcomed to his first pastorate.

North Waldoboro.—Rev. J. W. Price is well settled and reports a good outlook.

Pemaquid and New Harbor.—Rev. A. J. Lockhart was cordially received and has the work well in hand. We predict a pleasant pastorate.

Pittston and Whitefield.—Rev. Wm. Berkeley, of Holyoke, Mass., begins his first pastorate. On Monday evening, May 22, a hearty reception was tendered the new pastor and his wife at their home. A goodly number were present, and among other tokens of welcome was that of a handsome dinner service given as a surprise.

Randolph and Chelsea.—Rev. A. H. Hanscom returns for the third year to conditions of peace and prosperity.

Rockland.—Rev. F. E. White begins his third year with indications of enlarged success. The Conference was a blessing.

Rockport.—Rev. N. R. Pearson was heartily received for the fourth year. All departments are in good condition.

Round Pond and Bristol.—Rev. D. S. Kerr has been kindly received, and after graduation at the Conference Seminary, will occupy the parsonage.

Searsmont.—Rev. G. M. Bailey, greatly improved in health, takes up the work of this enjoyable field.

Searsport.—Rev. H. W. Norton returns for the second year to continue a well-begun work. He was heartily welcomed.

Sheepscot.—Rev. A. E. Morris begins his pastorate in much favor.

Southport.—Rev. C. F. Butterfield finds a cordial reception for the second time. Rev. J. D. Payson is much improved in health.

South Thomaston and Spruce Head.—Rev. W. C. Baker has been received with general favor. He has a comfortable rent and is well settled.

Thomaston.—Rev. W. H. Dunnack is comfort-

ably situated in the parsonage, and is getting rapidly adjusted to his work.

Union.—Rev. V. E. Hills is received with general rejoicing for the third year.

Unity and Troy.—Rev. W. A. Luce begins his first pastorate with devotion to the work and in favor with the people.

Waldoboro and Winslow Mills.—Rev. T. J. Wright was cordially welcomed for the third time. He seems to be a part of the town life.

Washington.—Rev. F. Palladino has been enthusiastically received. Congregations are large and interest growing.

Westport.—This place is still unsupplied. It can pay \$200 to a good man.

Windsor and Cross Hill.—Rev. C. W. Lowell, who was sent by special request, was welcomed with a cord of wood, a barrel of flour, and a half ton of hay.

Wiscasset.—Rev. B. G. Seaboyer was given a general reception by the church and town.

Woolwich.—Rev. F. W. Towle finds a kindly welcome amidst a loyal people. We predict a good pastorate.

Zion's Herald, always meeting the "need of the hour," will be helpful in every line. It will aid you in business, help you in church activity, bless you in home life, and ever be an inspiration to personal goodness. Shall we not increase the number of subscribers to this excellent paper? Six months for \$1 is a generous offer.

W. W. O.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

Salem, Pleasant St., welcomes the return of Pastor Quimby, who is hard at work as usual, allowing no time to run to waste. Mrs. Quimby has been on a visit to her daughter in Pennsylvania, who returns this week with her mother for a visit to her New England friends. They spent the Sabbath, May 20, with Mrs. Quimby's brother, Rev. O. W. Scott, in Chicopee, Mass.

Salem, First Church, remembers with delight the ministry of Pastor Blake, but receives with cheerfulness his successor, Dr. Rowley, who will now very soon get at the work of parish visiting, having been hard at work setting things to rights in and about the parsonage and lot. We are looking for a year of spiritual victory here.

Lebanon celebrated the tenth anniversary of the Epworth League with Rev. A. J. Hough's "Elisha, the Model Leaguer," followed by an address by Pastor Blake, which for power and earnestness could hardly be excelled. Mr. Blake was invited to give the Memorial sermon before the G. A. R. Post. He also delivers the Memorial address at North Andover, Mass. The people at Lebanon heartily appreciate the good service done for them by Bishop Vincent in appointing as their pastor "this fine sermonizer, natural orator, and excellent pastor, with his most suitable companion and helpmeet in the work." Dr. Hall has reached Los Angeles safely, and sends words of greeting to his New Hampshire friends.

Manchester, Trinity.—A reception was recent-

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ly given to Rev. C. N. Tilton and family by the members of the congregation and societies. The vestry was beautifully decorated in pink and pale green, this being interspersed with Easter lilies, plants, flowers, American flag and bunting. It is estimated that two hundred and fifty were present. Addresses were made by Mr. Tilton, Rev. Chas. R. Bailey, curate of Grace Episcopal Church and pastor of St. Andrew's Mission, and Rev. Samuel McLaughlin, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church. The latter is winning general favor by his hearty cordiality and genuineness as well as by his sermonic ability.

Chesterfield.—Rev. H. C. Sawyer is called to the care of his sick father, which may render a supply for Chesterfield necessary. G. W. N.

Concord District

Groveton.—This place was separated from Stratford at the last Conference. While it was against the judgment of the presiding elder, it seems to suit the people of both places, who are taking hold of the work with great interest. At Groveton, the pastor, Rev. H. F. Quimby, has already a strong hold on the people. Congregations are large. The claim has been increased from \$600 to \$750, and they confidently expect to meet it.

Stratford.—This place was very determined in their desire to be a charge by themselves and to have Rev. W. F. Ineson for their pastor. After much argument with them, both requests were granted. At this time everything is moving finely. They have largely increased congregations and Sunday-school. The claim has been estimated \$150 higher than ever before. Up to this time collections have averaged about \$15 a Sunday. It is not probable they will continue at this figure, but the people mean to do well for their pastor. They are discussing the question of a new parsonage; a committee is considering the matter, and it will not be a surprise if they have a preacher's home before winter.

South Columbia.—The new pastor is Rev. A. H. Drury. He has taken hold of the work with energy. During two weeks he walked nearly forty miles in calling on the people. He visited over sixty families, praying in all but two, and they refused him, saying they did not need his prayers. They were Roman Catholics. There were several Catholic families, however, who were glad to have him pray.

Stark.—Some of the people here are not pleased to be united with West Milan. As a result, they have cut the claim by quite a large sum. This is a great mistake for the charge. Rev. C. J. Brown is pushing the work earnestly.

West Milan.—The going out of the great lumber mill has affected the circulation of money to a large extent. The church means to try hard to pay its bills in full. They are waiting now to receive the \$200 grant from the Church Extension Society, whose conditions they have met. This will afford them relief from one bill, that will cause them to breathe easier.

Franklin Falls.—Miss Laura F. Dunning, daughter of Rev. C. U. Dunning, of Franklin Falls, who has been seriously ill for many weeks of a pulmonary trouble, is slowly gaining. The warm dry days of summer, so full of promise, are anxiously looked for.

Milan and Dummer.—Rev. A. W. Frye is on the ground and hard at work. The parsonage needed a great deal of repairing, so the pastor and his family are yet living among the people. The house has been painted, papered, and white-washed throughout. Every room has been cared for. A hard wood floor has been made in the sitting-room, and an art square put down. New four-light windows are being put in to take the place of the old twelve lights. There is a good interest in the work. The claim was not placed as high as it should have been, but they expect to meet it, and will do more if they can.

East Haverhill.—The new pastor, Rev. J. F. Thurston, has entered upon the work at this place. He comes well recommended.

Jefferson.—This is one of the places where in the spring they get ready for the summer visitors, in the fall they must rest, and in the winter they hibernate. So for a good congregation and for money to keep from going in debt, the pastor waits until the boarders come. It is a misfortune for the people, and not helpful to the pastor. Rev. R. E. Thompson has gone to work

earnestly in pastoral labor—a part of the duty he was not able to attend to as he desired last year. Already he sees good results, especially at the outposts.

Personal.—Rev. I. C. Brown has planned for a summer revival campaign and will be at the work at once. He will be his own evangelist largely, his chief outside helper being Rev. Willis Holmes.

Rev. N. L. Porter, the new pastor at East Colebrook and East Columbia, delivered the Memorial Day oration at Warren, Mass., it being the third year in succession in the same place.

For the present Rev. W. T. Carter has four services a Sabbath—Colebrook in the forenoon, Stewartston at 2 o'clock, Beecher Falls at 4, and back to Colebrook at 7, making a drive of over twenty miles. He takes hold of it willingly, and we expect to see success.

Camp-meetings.—The calendar is as follows: Colebrook, June 26-30; Weirs, August 14-19; Groveton, August 28-Sept. 1. We hope there will be a rallying of preachers and people at these summer meetings. If they are worth anything at all, let us get the most out of them. Put down the date in your note-book and plan to attend one or more of them.

Plans are quite generally being made for Children's Day.

Be sure to get the collection for General Conference expenses by July 1. B.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Bridgewater.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of this church was fittingly observed, May 7. At the morning service the pastor, Rev. W. F. Taylor, preached an appropriate sermon. This was followed by the communion. Dr. W. V. Morrison, a former presiding elder, was present and assisted at both services. In the evening Rev. R. C. Grose, of Providence, R. I., a former pastor, delivered an historical address. The society now owns a beautiful modern church building and an excellent parsonage, each valued at about \$4,000.

Acushnet.—The pastor and family were given a cordial reception soon after their arrival. The Junior League recently gave a reception to their parents and other invited friends, which proved a great success. On May 10, the Epworth League gave a free supper and social in the vestry. Sunday, May 14, was observed as League anniversary. An early morning meeting for consecration and praise was well attended. At the Sunday-school session short addresses were given by the pastor, Rev. L. H. Massey, the Junior League superintendent, Miss Lydia Hillier, the Sunday-school superintendent, Mr. W. A. Gurney, and Mrs. Franklyn Howland. The general subject was the consideration of the mutual helpfulness of these organizations to the church. At the regular hour for preaching

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A postal addressed to the factory or to the local agent will secure a free catalogue showing details of construction, and illustrating the various models of Chain, Chainless and Tandem types.

STERLING CYCLE WORKS,

KENOSHA, WIS.

(2 p. m.) an old-fashioned love-feast was held. In the evening the pastor preached on "Developments in the Church of God." An altar service followed, and one young man who came forward for the first time was converted. The whole day was one of power and blessing. The pastor and his family are delighted with the people and the beautiful new parsonage. L. S.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Dorchester St., South Boston. — In the Minutes, just published, this church is credited with only 35 members. It should be 135 members. The Epworth League anniversary was duly observed, addresses being given by the pastor, Rev. William Full, and the officers of the League, with a special musical program. A handsome League pin was presented to the president, Mr. Ethan Jago.

Highlands, Mt. Bowdoin. — A series of revival meetings, under the leadership of Rev. Dr. L. B. Bates, has been held with this church for seven-teen days, Dr. Bates preaching every evening and giving Bible readings afternoons. A score of ad-

ditions to the church and a community greatly awakened is only the beginning of this revival. Dr. Bates combines the elements of a successful evangelist with those of an experienced pastor and able preacher of the Gospel, while his noble personality, large humanity and great heart of sympathy win men and women to himself and the Christ he preaches and follows. The church is greatly hindered in its work from the lack of suitable accommodations for the meetings, society meetings and entertainments being held in other parts of the building at the hour of the week-day services. But in spite of these hindrances the people have held steadily on in the good work. Fifty new scholars have been added to the Sunday-school since Conference. Rev. Charles Tilton, pastor.

Worcester, Webster Square. — Strawberry festivals are in order, and one of the first has been held here and was well patronized. The tenth anniversary was observed by the League, at which papers were read by F. E. Johnson, Miss Myra C. Campbell, Miss Ethel D. Howard, and Mrs. Mabel L. Prescott, while Rev. B. F. Kingsley made an address on the League itself.

Laurel St. — The League has had its monthly meeting, which was of more than usual interest. The program consisted of singing by Pastor Paine, papers by Mrs. Geo. H. Fernald and Charles Disney, reading by Alfred Whitman, and a piano solo by Miss Anna Murdock. The next meeting will be at the parsonage.

Grace. — Dr. Brady is seeking to become acquainted with the members of his church, and on May 15 threw his apartments open for the re-

ception of the unmarried people. His next was for those who have passed the ordeal.

Trinity. — One of the most noteworthy affairs in the annals of Methodism in Worcester was



appeals to all good people that give cleanliness a careful consideration. As a cleansing and preserving agent

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CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Twenty-fourth Annual Convention of Stratford County S. S. Asso. at Somersworth, N. H., May 24
Providence Dist. Pr. Mtg. at Centreville, B. I., June 5-6
Rockland Dist. Min. Asso. at Boothbay Harbor, June 25-
Norwich Dist. Min. Asso. at Atlantic, Ct., June 12-13

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT MINISTERS' WIVES' ASSOCIATION will meet with Mrs. H. L. Wriston, 169 Beech St., Holyoke, Tuesday, June 6. The Highlands electric cars pass Beech St. Dinner at 1 o'clock; business meeting at 2.

BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION. — The General Committee of Church Extension will meet Nov. 3, in Baltimore, Md.

W. A. SPENCER, { COR. SECS.
JAMES M. KING, {

CORRECTION. — In the New England Southern Conference Year Book Statistical Table No. 3 does not credit East Wareham with the Bishop's apportionment. The amount — \$5 — was raised and paid. The error may be due to my fault. O. T. HATCH.

W. F. M. S. — The semi-annual meeting of the auxiliaries of Portland District will be held at Old Orchard, June 7. Sessions at 10 and 1.30. Basket lunch at 12. Reports, papers, and addresses by Miss Moses from South America, Mrs. Franklin from China, and probably Miss Harvey. E. C. TURNER, Sec.

W. F. M. S. — Fitchburg District will hold a convention in Leominster, June 7. Rev. H. B. Swartz, of Japan, will address the meeting in the afternoon. Leominster ladies will furnish lunch.

S. W. DUNN, Dist. Sec.

W. F. M. S. — Framingham District Association will hold a quarterly meeting at Saxonville, Thursday, June 8. Sessions at 10 and 2. Mrs. Hanaford, of Southbridge, will give an address. Reports, election of officers, and other business in the morning. A large delegation from each auxiliary is expected. Lunch served by Saxonville auxiliary. A. KNIGHTS, Sec.

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the symposium that President Joseph K. Greene conducted, on May 18. He had managed to secure the presence of representatives of various denominations who set forth the merits of their respective bodies in the following order: Baptist, Roger F. Upham, one of the prominent insurance men of the city and long foremost in the councils of the First Church; Congregational, James Logan, president of the Congregational Union and the leading member of the Central; ex-Principal and ex-Representative E. I. Comins spoke for the Universalists; Architect John F. Kyes represented the Disciples, or Church of Christ; Alfred S. Roe of Grace told the story of Methodism; Principal Richard H. Mooney recited the merits of the Roman Catholic body; District Attorney Rockwood Hoar set forth the tenets of Unitarianism; and Hon. Henry L. Parker closed the long evening with a summary of the principles of the Episcopalians. The large audience remained to the close of the meeting. The Men's Union has reason to congratulate itself on the success of the project. As far as it went, it resembled Chicago's Parliament of Religions. Dr. Brady, of Grace Church, closed the gathering with the benediction.

The League anniversary was observed with two appropriate sermons by Dr. King, the pastor.

Southbridge.—A father in Israel has just passed from the church in the person of Wm. C. Comstock at the ripe age of nearly 79 years. He was the senior member of the board of trustees and had always been a liberal supporter of Methodism.

Whitinsville.—Pastor Lawford appears to have succeeded in effectually healing all differences.

(Continued on page 706.)

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BOSTON DISTRICT APPORTIONMENTS FOR 1899-1900

P. E. indicates Presiding Elder; B., Bishop; P. A., Preachers' Aid; C. E., Church Extension; B. E., Board of Education; F. A., Freedmen's Aid; G. O. E., General Conference Expenses.

	P.	E.	B.	A.	P.	C.	B.	F.	G.	O.	E.
BOSTON:											
Allston,	\$ 34	\$ 17	\$ 40	\$ 42	\$ 14	\$ 43	\$ 31				
Appleton Ch.,	30	7	18	18	8	18	6				
Baker Memorial,	60	25	60	45	30	45	20				
Bethany Church,	40	22	48	36	17	38	18				
Bromfield St.,	103	33	60	60	26	60	30				
City Point,	32	16	27	27	13	27	14				
Dorchester Ch.,	80	25	64	48	10	48	24				
Dorchester St.,	30	16	27	27	13	27	14				
Egleston Sq.,	30	9	21	21	7	31	9				
First Church,	120	35	88	68	28	68	33				
Forest Hills,	6	9	18	18	7	18	9				
Highlands Ch.,	50	26	64	48	21	48	24				
Italian Church,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				
Jam. Pl., 1st Ch.,	32	16	40	30	13	30	16				
St. Andrew's,	20	13	21	21	10	21	11				
Mattapa,	20	15	24	24	12	24	12				
Morgan Chapel,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				
North End Ch.,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				
Parkman St.,	24	14	24	24	11	24	12				
People's Tem.,	120	45	162	114	38	114	57				
Revere St.,	8	2	4	4	2	4	1				
St. John's,	112	31	60	60	25	60	30				
Stanton Ave.,	50	21	48	36	17	36	18				
Tremont St.,	170	43	160	75	37	75	38				
West Roxbury,	25	18	40	30	14	30	15				
Winthrop St.,	120	25	88	68	28	68	33				
Brookline,	60	30	72	54	24	54	27				
Charlton City,	16	8	16	15	6	15	7				
Cherry Valley,	24	11	22	22	9	22	12				
Dedham, Wal. Hill,	30	15	27	27	12	27	14				
East Douglas,	12	8	15	15	6	15	7				
Franklin,	16	10	18	18	8	18	9				
Highlandville,	16	12	24	24	10	24	12				
Holliston,	24	10	18	18	8	18	10				
Hopkinton,	34	13	21	21	10	21	11				
Hyde Park,	84	26	64	48	21	48	24				
Leicester,	10	6	12	12	5	12	7				
Millis,	51	21	48	36	17	36	18				
Millbury,	30	11	21	21	8	21	10				
North Grafton,	8	4	8	8	3	8	2				
Norwood,	12	10	20	20	8	20	10				
Oxford,	16	10	21	21	8	21	10				
Plainville,	20	12	24	24	8	24	12				
QUINCY:											
Atlantic,	12	5	12	12	4	12	5				
West Quincy,	16	13	21	21	10	21	11				
Wollaston,	24	15	24	24	10	24	12				
Shrewsbury,	20	9	22	22	9	22	10				
Southville,	8	4	9	9	3	9	5				
So. Walpole,	18	9	18	18	8	18	9				
Upton,	12	9	18	18	7	18	9				
Uxbridge,	30	13	24	24	10	24	12				
Walpole,	16	5	9	9	4	9	5				
Webster,	60	18	48	36	15	36	18				
Westboro,	24	14	27	27	12	27	14				
West Medway,	12	7	13	13	6	13	6				
Whitinsville,	24	15	40	30	12	30	15				
WORCESTER:											
Coral St.,	24	16	27	27	13	27	14				
French Mission,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				
Grace Church,	72	25	60	45	20	45	22				
Lakeview,	10	3	7	7	3	7	3				
Laurel St.,	30	16	30	30	13	30	13				
Park Ave.,	16	8	18	18	6	18	9				
Trinity,	140	34	80	60	27	60	30				
Webster Square,	40	18	30	30	14	30	15				
SWEDISH:											
Boston,	20	10	24	24	12	24	12				
East Boston,	4	2	0	0	0	0	0				
Gardner,	8	6	12	12	4	12	6				
Lowell,	24	15	24	24	12	24	15				
Lynn,	8	4	5	5	3	5	3				
Malden,	24	14	24	24	11	24	13				
Rockport,	8	5	12	12	4	12	6				
Springfield,	10	10	12	12	8	12	8				
St. Paul's,	24	10	24	24	8	24	12				
Worcester,											
Thomas St.,	40	18	30	30	13	30	15				
Quinsigam'd,	40	10	21	21	8	21	11				

N. B. The apportionment for Bishops' Claim is 1½ per cent. of total salary of preacher. The Preachers' Aid apportionment is 4 per cent. on cash salary of \$1,000 and above, and 3 per cent. on cash salary below \$1,000. The Freedmen's Aid and Church Extension apportionments are in each case 3 per cent. of cash salary. The General Conference Expenses are apportioned 1½ per cent. on cash salary, and the apportionment for Board of Education 1 per cent. on total salary. The Missionary apportionment is made in New York, and will be sent to preachers as soon as received.

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OBITUARIES

My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight,—
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King:
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

— Alice Cary.

Dearborn.—Died, in Chelsea, Mass., May 18, 1899, Abigail Prescott Currier, widow of the late Dr. H. S. Dearborn, of Amesbury, Mass., aged 88 years, 4 months. She was a granddaughter of Capt. Benjamin Currier of Revolutionary fame, a lineal descendant in the seventh generation of Richard Currier, one of the original settlers of Salisbury, 1640, and of James Prescott, who came to Hampton in 1665, and of many of the best known families of colonial times.

It is fitting that when a dear, saint-like spirit that has lived in our midst for many years, and has mingled in social and religious life for the greater part of a century, passes suddenly into immortal life, we should give pause and meditate awhile on the influence of such a life. When it was reported that this dear old lady had gone quickly out from her sheltered, pleasant home, and without pain or struggle had at once reached the Paradise of God, it was noticeable that all who heard the announcement made nearly the same remark: "How in keeping with her calm, placid life was this sudden, painless passing away."

At the last services held in the presence of this departed friend, her pastor touched on one or two points that were so familiar, it was gratifying that he should voluntarily have alluded to them, and one was the calming, encouraging feeling experienced after having made her a call. No one could have known this truly Christian woman without soon discovering that religion, the religion of Christ, was at the basis of her quiet, yet confident, character. She loved the Bible, loved the church, loved the prayer-meeting, and loved her religious paper. In conversation she was given to saying something about what "I saw in my paper." And "my paper" meant *Zion's Herald*, for which she was a subscriber for nearly fifty years. And then again, until of late she has greatly enjoyed attending the evening prayer-meeting week after week as often as health and weather would permit. Meeting her one Friday night, taking her leisurely way toward home at nearly nine o'clock, a lady said, half sportively: "Why, Mrs. Dearborn, are you not afraid to come alone from Walnut Street as late as this?" Her amused little laugh gave credence to the prompt reply: "Oh, no, indeed! I never should think of such a thing as being afraid. I always go to the prayer-meeting when I can, and don't mind going alone in the least." The Christian of many years' standing becomes too trustful to dwell on the possible mishaps of life and the night, and relies peacefully on the protection of the Saviour. It was true indeed of this aged child of God that her steadfast heart seemed to know no fear because it rested in God, in His love and His care.

A few years ago, when a dearly beloved grandson went triumphantly in all the promise of his priceless young manhood into the kingdom of God, she could not repress the natural cry: "Oh, why was it not I with my ripe years, instead of this dear boy, to be the one called away?" And, strangely enough,—yet, was it strange?—shortly before she left us, in the midst of her clear mind and usual comfortable if somewhat feeble state of health, she all at once fancied that this cherished grandson was actually present with her. May it not be that they come to meet us, to greet us, to welcome us, extending, as it were, the celestial courtesies of heaven, those of our own who have preceded us

to the Father's house? Ah! jubilant the reunion, as one by one we reach "home, sweet home!"

It was noticeable again that at the "sweetly solemn" services of Sunday afternoon people met each other with a smile. The profusion of roses and lilies and roses, making a garden of sweetness and of bloom about the gentle sleeper, attested the affection and veneration in which she had been held. It is true there was an occasional little outburst of tears as some one spoke of how "dear grandma" would be missed, but smiles would reign as if the reflex, sunny influence of that ever-smiling face would assert itself in thinking of the cheery little neighbor who invariably had a kind word for all.

It was almost sunset when in a moment of time she slipped away. The soft spring day was nearing its close. Those whom she loved best were about her. The day had been one of great cheerfulness and comfort—with that pleasant fancy of having seen her dear lad again—and surely it did not savor so much of death as it did of transition, when God drew His tired child to her eternal home at the close of the day.

H. A. C.

French.—Rev. J. F. Sheffield, of the New England Southern Conference, has been recently afflicted in the loss of his sister, Mrs. Frances E. French, of Philadelphia. Though an invalid for several years, Mrs. French will be remembered as a woman of unusual ability. John Sheffield, a local preacher of North Stonington, Conn., was her father. Under his roof were gathered often the fathers of Methodism in that region. Glorious revival meetings were held in his house and in the school-house near by, where he preached for years. Mrs. French in her girlhood bore her share in the hospitality offered by the family. Once, in her mother's absence, Rev. B. C. Phelps came to visit them. She received him with matronly dignity, prepared a bountiful dinner, and parried jokes to his infinite amusement. She was then twelve years old. Rev. Erastus Benton was one of their ever welcome guests, and it was he who preached the funeral sermon of Mr. Sheffield. The house—not the home—long since passed into the hands of strangers, but the memory of laughter, music and good cheer will never die.

Mrs. French had ever a studious mind and a loyal heart. Her devotion to principle was unswerving. Few of the friends of her youth remain, but they will cherish her worth while life lasts.

M. S. B.

Curtis.—Mrs. Jane Porter Curtis, daughter of Joseph and Azubia Littlefield Porter, and widow of the late Capt. Libbeus Curtis, was born in Plymouth, Me., Dec. 9, 1821, and died in Searsport, Me., April 23, 1899.

When she was but a child her parents moved to Winterport, where the early years of her life were passed. June 19, 1841, she married Capt. Curtis, and from that time Searsport became her home. A family of six children was given them, all of whom survive her.

When a young woman she espoused the Christian faith and identified herself with the Christian church, first with the Free Will Baptist, and soon after coming to Searsport uniting—by letter—with the Methodist, remaining an honored and respected member of that church to the day of her death. During the lifetime of her husband they were among the most earnest workers in the church, and after his demise, which occurred several years ago, she continued as long as health and strength allowed to lead in every good work. A large circle of relatives and friends feel that in the death of "Sister Curtis" they have lost a true and tried Christian friend.

H. W. N.

Cyphers.—Mrs. Rebecca B. Cyphers was the oldest daughter of Jeremiah and Patience Stimpson, and granddaughter of Ephraim Stimpson, one of the early settlers of Searsport, Me. She was born on Stimpson's Island, May 20, 1815, and died in Searsport, Me., April 29, 1899.

When about five years of age she came to live in Searsport, and nearly all of her useful life was passed in this town. In 1832 she married Elijah Cyphers, and to them four children were born, of whom Ephraim S. and Mrs. Emma H. Park survive her.

When but little more than a child she became a Christian, and through all the years of mature life she ever maintained her firm faith in God, and amid the varying and trying experi-

ences of her life she ever felt to say, "The will of God be done." For nearly sixty years she was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. As long as her health would allow she was active for the cause she loved, and when the physical power began to wane her interest did not cease, but continued to the last. A little more than a year ago she suffered a shock from which she never recovered, but gradually failed until the end came. During all her life she was thoughtful and faithful in looking after the interests of others. There are many who well remember her labors of love for her own family, and others as well, and of her it can with all truth be said, "The memory of the just is blessed."

In the death of Mrs. Cyphers and Mrs. Curtis the Methodist Episcopal Church of Searsport loses its two oldest members. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

H. W. N.

Merrill.—Mary Merrill was born in North Reading, Mass., June 14, 1818, and died in Reading, Mass., Feb. 16, 1899.

Mrs. Merrill was the daughter of Amos and Abigail McIntire. Her mother died while Mary was an infant, and she was brought up in the home of her grandparents, both of whom were pious people. When she was about fifteen she began to attend the Methodist meetings, which had just been begun in and around North Reading. She was converted under a sermon preached by a local preacher, who was familiarly known as "Father" Brackett. She joined the class, and in company with Dr. Rust of sainted memory was baptized, by immersion, by Rev. Shipley Wilson. She became one of the original members of the Methodist Episcopal Church which was soon after formed in North Reading.

On July 7, 1842, she was joined in marriage with Mr. George W. Merrill, of Goffstown, N. H. Eight children blessed their union, all but one of whom still live to mourn their loss. Removing from North Reading, the family made their home in Reading, and here, as in North Reading, Mrs. Merrill became one of the original members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, remaining until she was transferred to the church triumphant.

Mrs. Merrill had a clear conversion. She had no doubts of her salvation. From the beginning of her Christian experience a Methodist, she loved her church; and so long as she was able, she labored and prayed for its success. Though possessed of strong physical powers, her later years brought her much suffering, through all of which she was "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

S. A. B.

White.—Mrs. Eliza A. Prescott, wife of John E. White, was born at Wilmot, N. H., April 25, 1834, and died at Auburn, N. H., April 3, 1899.

Mrs. White had been a zealous and faithful worker in the Auburn M. E. Church since her conversion some thirty-five years ago. She was for ten years a teacher in the Sunday-school. She was much interested in the temperance

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movement, and was president of the W. C. T. U. until failing health compelled her to resign.

During the last few months her physical sufferings were intense, yet through it all she was kept by Divine grace, and never a murmur escaped her lips. When too weak to be interested in the domestic affairs of her home, she was still anxious for the prosperity of her church.

The text used on the funeral occasion (Psa. 135) was of her own selection, as was also one of the hymns sung—"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep!"

Her work is done, the battle fought, the victory won, and she is crowned and satisfied at last.

FRANK HOOPER.

Butler.—Charles Butler went from earth to heaven from Medford, Mass., April 11, 1890, aged 72 years and 9 months.

The church life of our brother began in Boston in the historic Methodist Alley at the old North End. From there he went to North Bennet St., and afterwards was for several years a member of the Hanover St. Church. The surviving few and scattered members of the devoted band of Methodists who worshiped in those places will readily recall this brother, for his zeal and activity made him a prominent figure among them. He came to Medford in 1885, and at once united with the First Methodist Church. For several years, and while his health permitted, he was a class-leader in that church, and few have been more successful in that office. In a rare degree he possessed those qualities required by it—a tender spirit, ardent sympathy, and an earnest but not boisterous manner. With him as leader the class-room was an attractive place, and we cannot doubt that, with such leaders, it would be attractive today.

Mr. Butler had been in failing health about three years. A severe attack of the grippe left him with a disease of the heart which at times caused acute suffering. But with a heroic and Christian spirit he rose above the suffering, and maintained a cheerful and happy frame of mind to the end. Never can the writer forget his visits to the sick-room of the venerable man. They were indeed "privileged beyond the common walks of life, quiet on the verge of heaven."

His end came suddenly. He arose in the morning, and, with his accustomed energy and force of will, began to dress himself. He paused, leaned over the piano near to which he stood, dropped his head and gasped a moment for breath, and was not, for God had taken him.

A widow—his second wife—and one married daughter survive to cherish the memory of a devout and exemplary Christian, and a most tender and devoted husband and father.

GEO. S. CHADBOURNE.

Pike.—Nelson Pike was born in Paris, Maine, Jan. 1, 1823, and died in Jay, Maine, Sept. 18, 1898, in the 76th year of his age.

He removed to Jay at the age of thirteen, and was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at the age of twenty. He was married, in 1851, to Maria Sylvester Wheeler, who a little more than two years before him was called to the higher life. There are three children of this family—Edward L. Pike, of Providence; Mrs. Ida M. Fuller, formerly of Kansas, but now at the home place; and Mary E. Pike, who remained at the home to care for the parents.

Mr. Pike's Christian life measured more than half a century, and he has always been an example of industry, honesty and fidelity. Erect and strong in body, so in steadfastness in the truth he has stood like a mountain oak amid the storms of the generation. While he leaves some material result of his toil, his faith in the Gospel and the practical evidence of its worth are the best inheritance of his children.

G. R. PALMER.

Paine.—Mrs. Jane E. S. Paine died in Saundersville, Mass., April 12, 1890, aged 77 years.

To those who remember the beginnings of Methodism in Franklin, Mass., the remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Elias A. Paine is a precious memory. But for their industry and financial aid the planting of this branch of our Zion would have been for several years delayed. Mrs. Paine was a student at Wilbraham Academy when Rev. Charles Adams was principal,

and with her husband was a subscriber to ZION'S HERALD for over fifty-five years. The Worcester Evening Gazette of April 12 says: "It is with much sorrow that her many friends will learn of the death today of Mrs. Jane E. S. Paine, of Saundersville. Her health had long been delicate, but her final illness was of comparatively short duration. Mrs. Paine was the widow of the late Elias A. Paine, and daughter of the late Evan Simmons, who, with his wife, came from England and was one of the earlier residents of Wilkinstonville. The family was of noble descent, and of influence, although their fortunes had waned through the passing of a handsome property into the Chancery court. Their social prestige, however, remained unchanged, and the grandmother of Mrs. Paine had her friends among the court of George III. Mrs. Paine was possessed of fine traits of character, which endeared her strongly to those with whom she was brought in contact. She is survived by an only son, Ivers S. Paine, well known in musical circles."

Rose.—Mrs. Emma (Walker) Rose, at the early age of thirty years, entered into rest, March 14, 1890.

For almost half her life Mrs. Rose was a working member of the North Dighton Methodist Episcopal Church. In all her Christian life she was practical; everything must be brought to bear on making life broader in outlook, better in its power to help men and honor God. For many years she was a successful teacher in the Sunday-school, and for a few months had belonged to the Home department. Her love for the church of Christ was true and lasting. The Master's call to discipleship was ever ringing anew and she was glad to render to Him as she could a life of service.

Many beautiful flowers, such as she had loved in life, were strewn over the casket; and songs of rejoicing and victory, which had once been her delight, were sung. Tears fell unbidden over her form, but we who remained knew "the tenant had moved away" into the city of our God.

Her husband, mother, brothers and sisters, a nephew (who had found in her a second mother), with many other relatives and friends, tarried in hope till they, too, hear the welcome home.

H. H. C.

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[Continued from Page 705.]

and the church was never in a happier condition. At the League anniversary on May 14, the Y. P. S. C. E. of the other churches were invited to be present to hear the address by ex-Senator Alfred S. Roe, of Worcester. QUIR.

Cambridge District

Hubbardston.—On May 19 a public reception was given to Rev. Charles Nicklin and family. About one hundred persons gathered in the vestry of the church, which was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers for the occasion. An address of welcome was made by Rev. M. H. Hitchcock of the Congregational Church. While Rev. Joseph Seaton of the Unitarian Church was speaking, a large Rochester lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling, fell to the floor of the aisle, and the flames at once leaped about. A panic ensued, in which several persons jumped through the windows and some were very badly frightened. Mr. N. B. Smith, in carrying the burning lamp to the furnace, into which it was thrown, had his right hand severely burned. Constable Horace Nichols spoiled his coat in attempting to extinguish the flames. Soon the fire was put out and in a little while order was restored. Mr. Seaton concluded his speech, and, after singing, refreshments were served. Except for the incident mentioned, the evening was very pleasantly spent. The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. Mary Lamphear, Mary Prentiss, Eva Davis and Alice Clark.

Leominster.—A public reception was tendered the new pastor, Rev. E. P. Herrick, and family. Wednesday, May 10. A very large number were present and the event was a success in every way. Mr. C. R. Chamberlin presided, and words of welcome were spoken by F. N. Boutwell, representing the official board. Local clergymen and other prominent citizens also gave hearty words of greeting. Vocal and instrumental music added to the enjoyment of the evening's exercises. The year opens encouragingly. Large congregations greet the pastor, and a deepening spirit of earnestness appears in the social meetings. Under the skillful leadership of the recent pastor, Rev. J. F. Allen, better provision has been made for the current expenses than for many years.

Lynn District

Marblehead.—The people of this church were enthusiastic over the appointment of Rev. G. M. Smiley, and gave the family a royal welcome, and a public reception later on, at which time the various clergy of the town were present and spoke fraternal greetings. The pastor's wife occupied the pulpit the first Sunday evening, owing to a severe cold on the part of Mr. Smiley, and the people were greatly pleased with her discourse on "The Friendships of Jesus." This church has of late years taken advance rank in the Conference. The church building was enlarged and beautified during the pastorate of Rev. J. H. Humphrey, and under Rev. Hugh Montgomery's pastorate steam heat and electric lights

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were placed in the parsonage. Few churches even in the cities can show a better organized and working membership in all departments. The weekly offerings run from \$35 to \$40 per week. The morning audiences average 250, and the evening from 300 to 400, with an after service in the vestry attended by 150. There are five classes during the week, in each of which a missionary offering is taken. W.

Springfield District

Springfield Preachers' Meeting.—The program for the Conference year is out, embracing eighteen topics, and dates from April 24, 1899, to March 26, 1900. The arrangement here followed secures careful preparation, and knowledge, on the part of those who come, as to what subject is to be presented at a given meeting. On May 22 Rev. F. N. Upham read a comprehensive and discriminating paper on "Methodism's Halting Progress," which was listened to with interest and followed by earnest discussion.

Westfield, West Parish and Granville.—The wife of the pastor, Rev. J. A. Day, has gone to Boston to undergo a surgical operation in one of the hospitals. The entire community awaits with sympathetic interest the longed-for news of her recovery.

Springfield, Brightwood.—The newly-appointed pastor, Rev. Geo. H. Rogers, is encouraged with reference to the outlook. One hopeful feature is, increasing numbers in attendance upon the young people's meetings, which have begun to overflow the usual place of meeting.

Spencer.—At the last communion 12 were received into full membership from probation, and 1 by letter. The number partaking of the communion was larger than on any previous similar occasion during this pastorate. Workers of this church are conducting cottage prayer-meeting with the sick and aged, and have begun services at the Poor Farm. May 14 was observed as an Epworth League rally day, the house being tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the pastor, Rev. R. E. Smith, giving an address on "The Model Epworthian." The church choir has been enlarged, and the singing is excellent. The financial year closed, May 1, with all bills paid and a balance in the treasury. There is an excellent spirit in the church, and the people have entered on the year's work in earnest. Mr. Smith gives the annual Memorial Day oration in Spencer and also in Whitinsville. H.

Indianapolis Epworth League Convention

Arrangements have been made for the official New England delegation to leave Boston (Park Square station), via Fall River line, at 6 P. M., Monday, July 17, reaching Indianapolis Wednesday evening. On the return trip there will be stops at White Sulphur Springs, Clifton Forge, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, and Washington. Special train service, first-class accommodations everywhere, a pleasant company, and a delightful trip. Rates—just what you want to pay: From \$21 for the round trip, Boston to Indianapolis and return by direct route, to \$46.50, for a tour of 13 days. All necessary expenses included, from Boston back to Boston. Send to George W. Penniman, 550 Osborn St., Fall River, Mass., for illustrated circulars giving full information relative to the trips. Register your name today, and secure your accommodations in season. We ought to have a large and representative company from New England.

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